

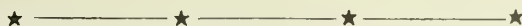
The American
LEGION
M O N T H L Y

NOVEMBER 1933

25 CENTS



HUGH WILEY | MEREDITH NICHOLSON | GENERAL GOURAUD



IT TAKES HEALTHY NERVES TO RUN 308 AT BILLIARDS !



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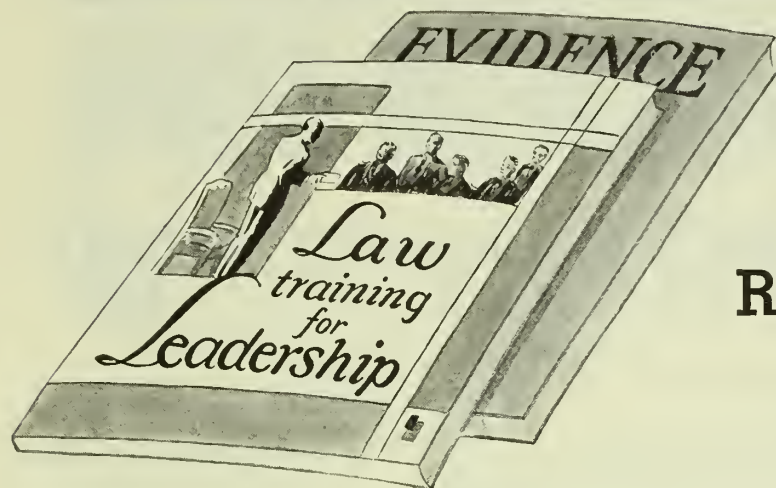
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NOVEMBER, 1933

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BIG LEAGUE STUFF

WHEN A MAN MARRIES

G. L. U. E.

HORSES?—MORE THAN EVER

LET US FACE REALITIES

THIS, TOO, IS AMERICA

ALL OVER THE MAP

KEEP THE TROOPS MOVING

MY MEMORIES OF THE RAINBOW DIVISION

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

MAYNE REID, YANKEE SOLDIER

Illustration by V. E. Pyles

THIS SIDE UP

SPINACH 'N EVERYTHING

THE ELEVENTH HOUR

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YOU ARE MAKING THE LEGION OF 1950

A FULL report of the actions taken and the policies adopted at the Chicago National Convention will appear in the Monthly for December. You will want to study it because the Legion is making history and you have a share in it. Important as the Legion is today in the affairs of its country, it is still upon the threshold of its activity for national welfare. You may be proud that you have marched with the Legion in its first fifteen years. Even greater years are immediately ahead. You belong to the Legion and the Legion belongs to you.

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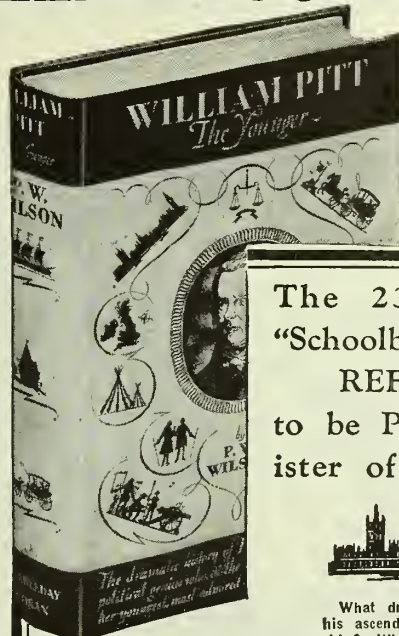
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The 23-year-old
"Schoolboy" Who
REFUSED
to be Prime Min-
ister of England!



What dramatic signal flashed his ascendancy to the premiership? What was the outcome when he dared stake his all against the scornfully sensuous Catherine the Great of Russia? What happened when he, unskilled in military tactics, ruthlessly drew swords with Napoleon?



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of Britain. At 24 he
accepted. No wonder
a poem of the day
exclaimed:

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What an amazing character! The most precious genius in all the annals of British statesmanship.

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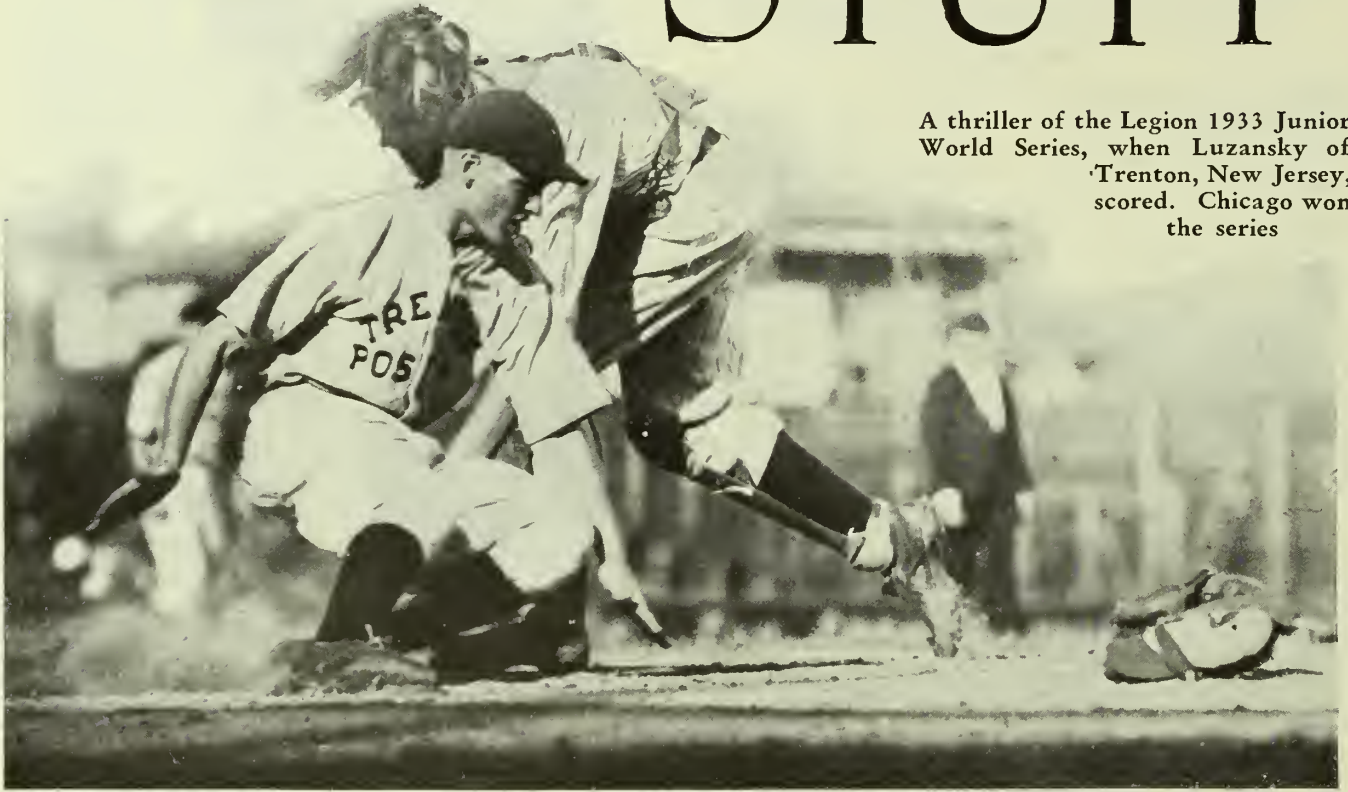
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BIG LEAGUE STUFF

By Dan Sowers

A thriller of the Legion 1933 Junior World Series, when Luzansky of Trenton, New Jersey, scored. Chicago won the series



THE stands in Heinemann Park, New Orleans, were in an uproar.

It was the last half of the ninth in the second game of The American Legion Junior World Series of 1933—Trenton, New Jersey, versus Chicago. Chicago had slugged out a 14-5 victory in the opening game, and Trenton was making a plucky fight to even up the series. The score was a 6-6 tie. Dan Krause, Chicago's second baseman, had led off with a single, and the next two men up had flied out. It looked as though the game would go into extra innings when Ted Swed, Chicago's slugging left-fielder, stood at the plate, with two on him. As his team mates pleaded for a hit, he took an extra grip on his bat and connected with the last pitch to slam it against the right field fence for a two-bagger. Krause romped home, and a second Little World Series title went into the bag for the State of Illinois. A team from South Chicago had won the crown in Houston, Texas, in 1931.

The series this year was similar to the earlier one in which Illinois produced the champion, for the South Chicago team had overwhelmed the Eastern champs of that year in a one-sided affair in the opening game, only to meet the next day a stubborn defense that held them for fourteen innings before the lone run was scored to win the second and deciding game of the schedule.

The second game of the series in New Orleans was a thriller throughout; its result was always in doubt as the fortunes of the contenders see-sawed back and forth.

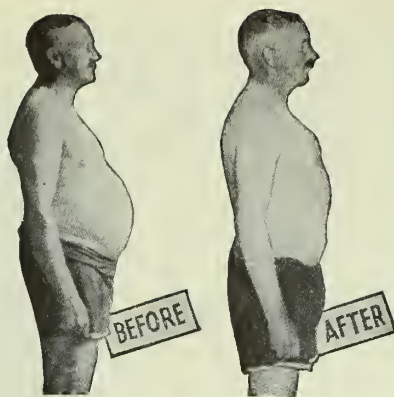
In fighting their way to the top in the Legion competitions this year the Chicago boys rewarded Percy Moore, Lane High School coach, for his six-year effort to produce a championship team. Coach Moore has had a team every year, and there was no happier Legionnaire in the country than he when his lads chalked up their victory.

The committee of the New Orleans American Legion posts in charge of the series did itself proud in providing the setting for the 1933 series and entertainment for the visiting teams. The committee was headed by Chairman Bruce Baird, Vice-Chairman Charles Zatarain and Secretary Harry Gadmer, and they saw to it that New Orleans lived up to its name as the cradle of junior baseball.

Oh, yes! New Orleans claims to be the original, double-dyed cradle of Legion junior baseball, and with some good grounds, for it was there that young Larry Gilbert was the first boy in the country to organize and register officially a team, in 1928, under the present plan of play-off. New Orleans has three times represented the West in the Junior World Series, and last year won the national championship. This made it possible, (Continued on page 48)



Henry L. Doherty, whose gift of \$6500 assured the success of the Legion's 1933 junior baseball competition



Pot-Belly isn't a pretty name--

but

—thousands don't worry about it any more. They've found a new and very simple way to rid themselves of all surplus Abdominal Fat—and the Constipation, Indigestion, and general Sluggishness that so often go with it.

LARGE WAISTLINE HELD HEALTH PERIL

Middle-Aged Man Who Keeps
His Small Lives Longer, Gov-
ernment Bureau Says.

FIGURES SHOW DIRECT LINK

Overweight People Have Worst
of It in Mortality Tables
Covering 15 Causes.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 24 (AP).—The man who keeps his waistline small when he reaches middle age is the most likely to win the race for health, is the conclusion drawn from a new study of the relation of weight to physical defects just published by the Public Health Service. "By the time that middle age is reached, these figures indicate, it is a definite advantage to be under the average weight for height," says the report.

It also shows "a great excess of mortality among overweight persons, whatever the age, and also an excess among young adult underweight persons."

The conclusions are drawn from records of more than 3,000 men from 1909 to 1928, showing the ratio of actual deaths to expected mortality, according to different weight groups.

Overweight people have the worst of it in an analysis of the death rate from fifteen causes among men classified as twenty-five pounds or more underweight; "standard lives" or "normal" men, and those fifty pounds or more overweight.

Constipation and Indigestion Go Quickly

This method involves none of the risk of drugs, none of the punishment of starvation diets, or strenuous exercises. In fact, one important part of it is the discovery of a new body movement, which can be done without exertion or loss of time right at your desk—unnoticed!

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"The Culture of the Abdomen"

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Dr. Lane says, "This book, so carefully compiled, will be of the greatest service to the public. The author describes, in the simplest and the clearest manner, how it is open to everybody to be vigorous and healthy. His methods are excellent in their simplicity, and are most effectual. To my own certain knowledge he has treated quite a large number of people most successfully."

It is said of H. G. Wells, the great author, that this book gave him "a new lease on life." And another world-famous writer, whose name is also known wherever books are read, said: "I know a middle-aged man who suffered for thirty years from ill-health. He was a regular dyspeptic. One day he bought 'The Culture of the Abdomen.' The suggestions given in the book occupied but seven minutes per day of this man's time. In three months he had lost thirty pounds. His dyspepsia had

vanished. I can vouch for the case. For the man was myself!"

"The Culture of the Abdomen"—clearly written, right to the point, and completely illustrated with photographs—is GUARANTEED to regain for you a slim and strong waist. It has proved it can banish the general physical sluggishness which waistline fat so often causes, and to restore youthful alertness, exhilaration and poise. It is GUARANTEED to do this for you, just as it has done for so many others, on the following very liberal offer—without risk or obligation on your part:

SEND NO MONEY

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Send no money with this coupon. Don't pay any money to the postman. We will send you "The Culture of the Abdomen" at once, on approval. Read and examine the book for 5 days. If for any reason you then decide to return it, simply do so and forget the matter. But if you feel that this remarkable new method will reduce your waistline and end such troubles as Constipation, Indigestion and Gas, as it is doing for so many others then send us only \$1.95 plus the few cents for postage as payment in full.



This 65-year old man can now hold his HAT between his PRESENT waistline and his FORMER one!

Think what a flat, strong-muscled, youthful abdomen would mean to your appearance, your health, your general physical energy and activity. Distended, sagging folds of fat make many men look, feel, and act years older than they really are! The official government survey (as quoted here from the New York Times) clearly points out the dangers of waistline fat. This research shows that "Overweight people have the worst of it in an analysis of the death rate from 15 causes!"

Now it's easy to "do something about it" at once. Merely mail coupon—without money—now. NELSON DOUBLEDAY, INC., Dept. 113-11, Garden City, N. Y.

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Please send me in plain wrapper, for FREE EXAMINATION, "The Culture of the Abdomen," telling how to reduce my waistline a new way, without drugs, harsh diets, or exhausting exercise. If within 5 days after receiving book I decide to return it to you, I shall do so and the trial will cost me nothing. If I decide to keep the book, I will send you within five days \$1.95, plus few cents postage.

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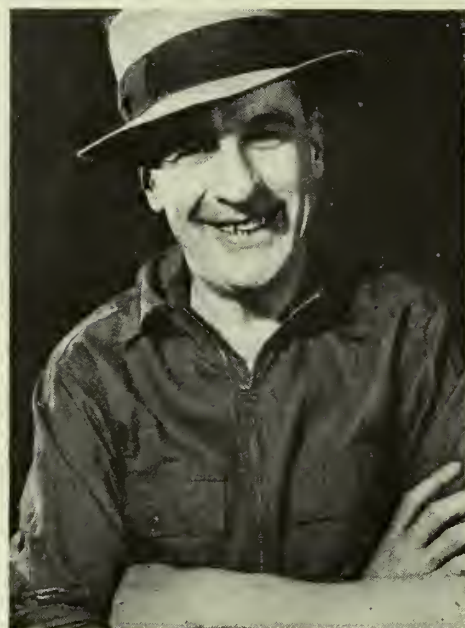
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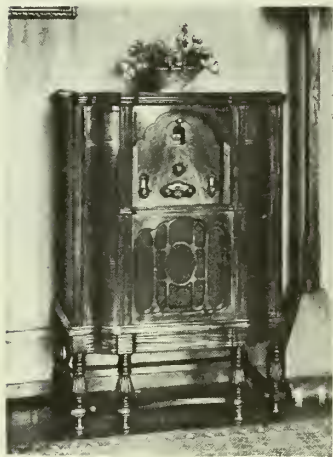


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... one of the first things I'm going to do is make my family happy with a brand new radio"



so it's going to be an up-to-date RCA VICTOR!



MASTER OF THE AIR!—This is a 12-tube "Bi-Acoustic" superheterodyne with famous, exclusive RCA Victor Tonalite Control, "B" Amplification, maximum achievement in tone performance. Every engineering improvement from "Radio Headquarters" is in it including Police Call reception. We won't boast about it... but *you* will. Model 280 costs, complete with RCA Radiotrons, only \$149.50.

Others \$27.95 to \$179.



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Prices slightly higher in the West*



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RCA VICTOR Co., Inc., Dept. 72
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I'd like those VICTOR Dog shakers. Here's my dime.

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WHEN *a* MAN MARRIES

A GIRL Across the Street Is
More Likely to Catch Him
Than One on the Same Side

By Fred C. Kelly

Cartoon by
Herb Roth

IF IT were common practice for nearly every man to be married ten or a dozen times, we could study a man's record and determine what kind of women he likes best. It would be easy to forecast what type of wife an experienced man would select next, just by tabulating the dominant traits of women he had been in the habit of marrying.

But since few men, or women either, are privileged to have the rich variety of matrimonial experience that would delight a statistician, it is necessary to estimate future behavior of any one man, or one woman, by average past behavior of a large group. We may not have any way of knowing what a next door neighbor will do about marriage, but we can make a good guess if we know what tendencies are invariably shown by several thousand persons of similar age.

It is probable, for example, (and one statistical study supports the theory) that in a large city a man is a little more likely to marry a girl who lives *across* the street from him, than he is to marry an equally charming girl who dwells only a few doors away on the same side of the street. Of course, he may contrive to marry neither. But if he *should* marry one or the other, the batting averages are a trifle in favor of the girl across the street. The reason is that before a man can decently marry a girl he must first take notice of her; and the chances are especially favorable for observing a girl who each morning comes out of a front door opposite one's own. There she is readily seen. People who start out at about the same time in the morning have even been known to smile at each other under such circumstances. If a man attends a social gathering and meets a flock of beautiful, amiable young women, including the one he has seen across the street, she perhaps registers on his consciousness more formidably than any of the others. Further acquaintance with her seems more natural than if her face were wholly unfamiliar.

Likewise, if a young man attends a co-educational college and later marries one of the young women students, there is a fair chance that her last name begins with a letter the same as his own final initial, or at any rate her initial may be near his in the



alphabet. This is because classes are often seated in alphabetical order—and there is that much more opportunity for a young man to get acquainted with a girl seated near him. He doesn't marry her because she happened to sit conveniently near; but the chance to begin conversation with her opens the way to better acquaintance.

Just such small items influence matrimonial selections in one direction or another. One has only to glance at newspaper lists of names and addresses of persons, in large cities, obtaining marriage licenses to learn how largely marriage depends on chance or propinquity. It is significant how often a man lives in the same part of town as his bride—presumably (*Continued on page 54*)

G. L. U. E.

By
Hugh Wiley

*Illustrations
by Wallace Morgan*

*THE Wildcat's Roll, Recruited
With Galloping Dominoes in the
"Tree Army," Gets Into the Big-League
Financial Class Under the Smooth
Promotional Lingo of Honeytone Boone*

"**W**HERE you git all dat money, Wilecat? Don't look to me like you is in de middle of no dee-pression. Ain't seen you festooned so copious wid finance since de Lawd knows when."

The Wildcat continued to resurrect crumpled currency from various pockets of his dilapidated raiment. "Start countin' it, Demmy," he ordered. "See how much us is got. Dat ain't half of it. Hot dam! Look at dis handful of money! I sho' is up-holstered wid Lady Luck's lettuce."

"Knock dat mascot goat away from dem greenbacks, Wilecat. Dey's income tax blood in dat goat."

"Lily! Git away from dat money! Wouldn't take you five minutes to eat me back into de Tree Army. Git over in de corner befo' I knocks yo' horns down yo' neck." To the saved-off

Demmy, "Give dat goat de newspaper you got in yo' pocket. . . Here's another handful of money. Here's some odd bills out of my hip pocket. Most forgot 'em. How much is dat altogether, Demmy?"

"Keep de goat over dere in de corner so he kain't mess his appetite into my bookkeepin'. Dat's 'leven dollars an' seven is eighteen dollars. Never seed money so crumpled up. Looks like dey ain't no big bills in de lot."

"Don't complain about de big bills—dey's plenty of little ones."

"I say dey is . . . sixty-five, sixty-six, sixty-seven."

When the Wildcat's wealth had been assembled into an orderly array, "Hundred an' forty-six dollars is de grand total," Demmy announced. "Where at you git all dat money?"

"Got it offen de soldiers in de Tree Army."

"Whut army?"

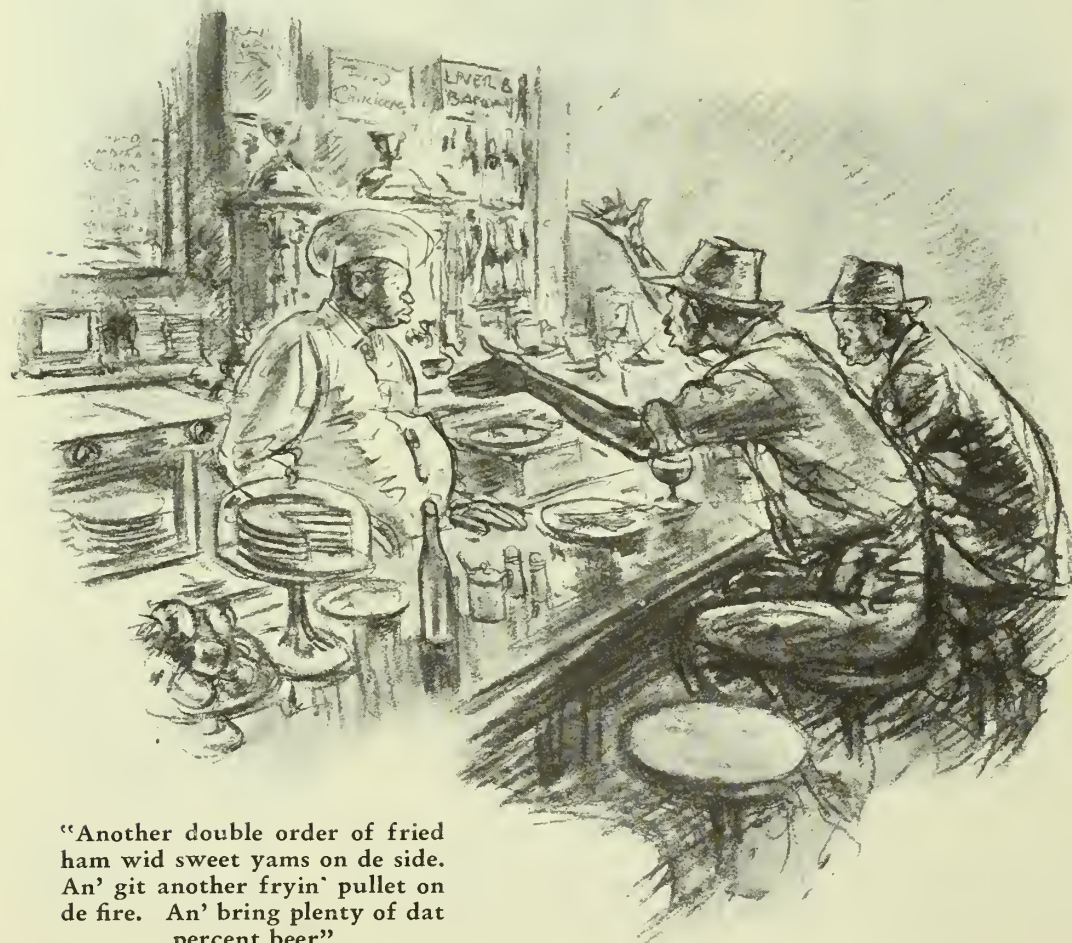
"De Tree Army whut de guvment enlisted."

"I heard about dat army. You ain't had time to make dat much money in wages, is you?"

"Never made no money in wages. Fust thing I knowed I wuz grafted into de Tree Army 'long wid a lot more boys—tearin' down de woods an' buildin' 'em up. Old general give us a squabs right an' dey wuz nuthin' to do but hop to it. Half de army tore down big trees an' de other half planted little ones where de big ones had growed."

"How come you git dat money—I ax you."

"I had two dice in my pussonal equipment. Some of dem army boys wuzn't as broke as dey looked. Second night after taps blowed my dice got agile enuff to reap dis hundred an' forty-six dollars. I'd a been dere yet if it hadn't of been for Lily."



"Another double order of fried ham wid sweet yams on de side. An' git another fryin' pullet on de fire. An' bring plenty of dat percent beer"



"It's a gold mine big enough to make you an' Demmy an' me richer dan de United States Budget"

"Dat's always de way. Whut dat fool goat o' yours do dis time?"

"I wuz workin' in de Tearin' Up Army. Lily wuz laggin' 'long in de rear wid de Puttin' Back Army. Next thing I knowed dey wuz a ruckus. De old general start chasin' Lily off de battlefield. Den Lily start chasin' de old general off de battlefield. By an' by de general come down outen de tree where Lily chased him up, spittin' fire an' cravin' to know who owned dat goat. Right den and dere everybody pointed de finger of fate at my fragile carcass. De next thing I knowed dere I wuz back in de ranks of de unemployed. Seemed like Lily et up all dem little trees dat de Puttin' Back Army had planted durin' de fust day befo' anybody knowed it. Mighty handy for me de guvment didn't have no firin' squab in dat Tree Army, else I never come out alive."

"I say you wuz lucky."

"I wuz lucky an' I still is lucky. Hundred an' forty-six dollars cash on hand and de room rent paid in dis Transient Rest Hotel till Friday. Demmy, us is sittin' purty so fur as I kin see."

"You sho' is. Main thing to worry about now is whut you gwine to do wid dat money."

"Fust thing I does, Demmy, is bale it up an' hoard it in my pants pocket."

"Ain't safe to carry dat much money wid you, Wilecat. You better put it in de bank where nobody kin git hold of it."

"Put it in my pocket where no bank kin git hold of it—dat's de fust thing I does. From whut I hears lately any good crap game pays you better odds dan de average bank."

"Dat trouble is all in de past. All de good banks have got de front doors open."

"Ain't de front doors dat made de bank trouble. You find me some bank where dey guarantees to keep de back door locked an' mebbe I 'filiates wid 'em in a financial way. In de meantime come along here whilst you an' me nutrifies a square meal on de strength of whut Lady Luck is done. Give dat mascot goat de rest of dat newspaper to pacify hisself wid whilst us is gone. De way he et up dat guvment vegetation whut de Tree Army planted last week, dat goat is six months ahead in his meals if he don't eat again for a year—but it don't seem like he knows it."

AT THE Sunbeam Lunch and Beer Counter, for himself and Demmy the Wildcat ordered up an assorted ration that sounded like a week's board for a family of six. "An' bring plenty of dat percent beer wid it," he directed.

Scowling at his fourth glass of beer, "Main trouble of dis percent beer, Demmy, is dat de human stummick ain't good at figures. Dey wuz a good belch in home brew, but I be doggoned if dey's even a hiccup in dis percent stuff. Gits yo' brain all bumbled up wid percentage so thick that—"

"Main thing you gits wid dat percent beer is pussonal liberty."

"Best place for dat percent business is in a 'rithmetic book. Never heard nobody talkin' percent about coon-yak in de war. Never heard that van blink braggin' about how much 'rithmetic wuz in it. Naw suh, Demmy, when de time comes to teach my stummick de 'rithmetic of likker, five minutes in de gin school learns it more dan a full term in dis beer college."

The speaker scowled at a waiter on the opposite side of the lunch counter. "Encore me an' Demmy another double order of fried ham wid sweet yams on de side. Git another fryin' pullet on de



fire. Hand over dat pan of biskits settin' on de back of de stove."

When the time came to settle for the repast, "Check is eight dollars and sixty cents," the waiter announced. "Beer wuz two dollars—meats, vegetables and dee-sert, six-sixty."

"Dat's purty heavy for one meal," Demmy suggested. "Say one thing, Wilecat, ain't no more dee-pression left in my stummick."

"Demmy, dat meal wuz worth de price. Right now if I don't git nuthin' to eat till supper time I ain't gwine to starve to death. Dat meal wuz a bargain."

Paying for the bargain the Wildcat displayed a bankroll that became a leading item of local gossip within the hour. The Wildcat had money and this was news. To Honeytone Boone, besides being news, it was glad tidings of a better day. "Where is de Wilecat gone?" Honeytone inquired. "Ain't seed him for a long time. Got to hunt dat boy up and say howdy-do. Me an' him wuz always fust class friends."

"You knowed him for a long time?" the waiter at the Sunbeam establishment inquired.

"Knowed him ever since us fought de battle of Bordeaux. Fought it an' won it, I may add. Whut direction did he take when he left here?"

"Head up de street, him an' his little podner wuz talkin' some about sleepin' till supper time. Dey at de Transient Rest Hotel."

"Who his podner?" Honeytone inquired. "Little sawed-off saddle colored boy named Demmy?"

"Dat's him," the waiter said. "Dat small black ain't no bigger dan a demi-tasse, but I spread de news kin he eat! Dey eat most nine dollars up."

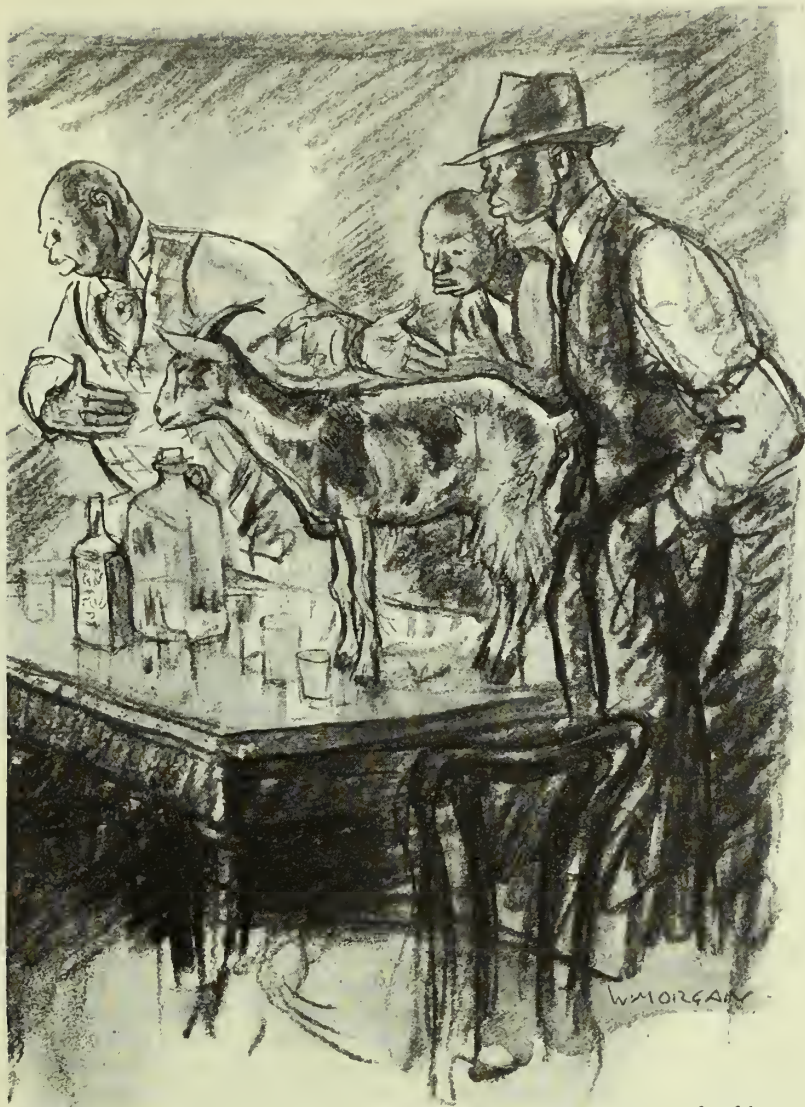
"Gimme three of dem Amazon Queen see-gars," Honeytone Boone directed. He paid for the cigars with a dollar bill and received seventy cents change. He left the Sunbeam place under full steam, walking fast and thinking faster. Midway of his march toward the Transient Rest Hotel he stopped at a stationery store and invested the last seventy cents of his working capital. "I'd like to git me some long rubber bands," he said to the clerk. "You got some rubber bands about four inches long made of mighty thin rubber?"

"Something like this?" the clerk inquired displaying a sample rubber band made of a thin thread-like filament long enough to comply with the specifications.

"Dat's exactly whut I wants—yas suh. How much is dey by de box?"

"They are ten cents a box," the clerk said.

Honeytone laid seventy cents on the counter. "Gimme seven boxes, please suh . . . Now kin I borrow a good pair of scissors from you for a minute?"



**"Dere wuz dat poor little goat
pullin' himself out of de under-
brush, an' a-flyin' back"**

Equipped with the scissors Honeytone proceeded to clip the curved ends of the rubber bands off of the straight sections. As the rubber bands became straight filaments of rubber, Honeytone stored the product in his left coat pocket. When his work was complete, "Dat's dat," he said. "I is much obliged for de lend of dem scissors. Thank you, suh, an' much obliged."

With his left coat pocket filled with a tangled mass of rubber threads, Honeytone resumed his march toward the Transient Rest Hotel. At the hotel, "Two old friends of mine stopping here," he said to the clerk at the desk. "Tall boy and his little sawed-off podner—the Wilecat an' Demmy. I come to bid 'em welcome to de fellowship meetin' of de Veterans Lodge. Ain't seen dem boys for a long time an' I aims to make 'em welcome in dis town. Whut room is dey in?"

"Up de stairs an' turn to your left," the clerk answered. "Number Seventy-two."

A moment later, following a hearty alarm on the door of Room Seventy-two, "Welcome to our city, Wilecat," Honeytone Boone called through the panels of the door. "Open de door whilst I 'filiates de hand of fellowship wid you an' Demmy."

"Who dat knockin' on dat door?"

"Dis Honeytone Boone. Welcome to our city an' its contents."

Inside of Room Seventy-two, hearing Honeytone Boone's voice, "Blaa-a," commented Lily, the goat.

In an undertone to his mascot, "You is puffectly correct, Lily. Dem is precisely my sentiments," the Wildcat growled. In a louder voice that lacked reciprocal warmth, answering Honeytone's greeting, "Come along in. De door ain't locked."

Entering Room Seventy-two, Honeytone shook hands with the Wildcat and Demmy in a manner that suggested everything from Merry Christmas to Happy New Year. "Wilecat, you an' Demmy is de fust pleasant view I'se seen since I struck de gold mine. How is you? How dey stackin' Demmy, how dey comin' wid you?"

"Comin' middlin' good," Demmy admitted without any display of enthusiasm. "Where at dis gold mine you struck?"

"Ain't de gold mine I struck," Honeytone beamed, "it's de gold mine us three podners is struck. I sets down an' 'splains it to you. Light up a see-gar, Wilecat. Here you is, Demmy—try one of dese Amazon Queens. Dey's Puffecto tobacco in both ends of dem see-gars. Here's a match shinin' bright . . . Dere you is. Needn't be superstitious about three lights on one match. Ole Man Trouble an' six more like him kain't keep us out of dis gold mine us got."

The Wildcat inhaled a deep draft of his Amazon Queen. Then, gagging slightly, "Whut's dis gold mine you talkin' about?"

"Wilecat, it's a gold mine big enough to make you an' Demmy an' me an' dat mascot goat richer dan de United States Budget."

"Blaa-a!" remarked Lily, munching delicately on the discarded tips of the three cigars.

"Whut Lily means is mebbe dat de budget lacks a million dollars of bein' empty," Demmy suggested.

"Boys, dem facts an' figgers is superseded. Dey got a new budget. It's so overflated dat de guvment gwine to have money spillin' outen de top of dat budget an' runnin' to waste like a oil well. Naw suh, dis gold mine gwine to need six

bookkeepers to figger out yo' luxury tax whut you spends on rations, see-gars an' likker alone. Dey ain't no limit to de fur end of dis gold income."

"Where does de front end begin?" Demmy inquired with some impatience.

"Dat's de main point," the Wildcat added. "Nemmine 'bout de future—'splain de past an' present, Honeytone."

"De past begins last week," the explainer declared. "You knows de country between San Francisco an' Monterey. You remembers dat level stretch dis side of Salinas where de land is planted wid rubber plants?"

"I knows de place," the Wildcat said. "Whut of it? Ain't no gold mine in dat country."

"Wait a minute, Wilecat. Dey's many a thing concealed from de human eye. Wait whilst I tells you about de gold mine in dat country. I wuz ramblin' along past dem rubber orchards last week an' I see a big ruckus over at de fur edge of one orchard where de underbrush begins. Cloud of dust raisin' up round dat ruckus to de high heavens. When I 'vestigates whut you 'spose I found rasslin' round on de ground?"

"Somebody battlin' wid de stummick trouble in dis new percent beer like as not," the Wildcat suggested. "Whut you find?"

"Wasn't no human. Tangled up in de underbrush right at de edge of dat rubber orchard, tryin' his best to git loose from de bushes he wuz tangled up in, I found a goat dat could of been dis mascot Lily's twin brother—'ceptin' he wuz festooned different. Whut you 'spose had happened?"

"Goat probably felt noble in de spring sunshine an' wuz testin' his strength."

"Dat goat wuz sho' enough testin' his strength, but he felt far from noble. His hair wuz all tangled up in dat underbrush an' he wuz tryin' to git loose."

"Must of been a mighty long haired (Continued on page 61)

HORSES?



by
Wayne Dinsmore

*Secretary, Horse Association of America,
Union Stock Yards, Chicago*

IF YOU live in town, you probably think horses are just about extinct. If you live in the Virginia fox-hunting country, you are sure our nation fairly teems with hunters and jumpers. Your ideas on a subject are inevitably tied up with your personal observations.

My office is at the Chicago stock yards. Therefore, even if my job were not concerned with horses, I should know that lots of horses are in use. Every few minutes some livestock buyer or broker clatters past on his cow pony. One-horse carts and two-horse wagons and occasional four-horse hitches move briskly along the street. Somewhere in the workaday landscape framed by my office window there is always a horse. But I know this is exceptional in American life today.

Offhand, how many horses and mules do you guess there are in the United States? Or if you don't guess well in large figures, how many people are there for each horse or mule? Are there more automobiles, or more horses and mules? How does the number of horses and mules compare with what it was fifteen years ago.

Unless you have studied the subject, I'll wager your guesses are far from the facts. The chances are you will guess too low. Even while horses were steadily increasing, folks were sure there were fewer of them every year. For some years the total number of the horses has waned. But there

are a lot of them left, at that, particularly in some localities.

Carriage horses have shrunk from nearly a million first-class animals in 1910 to not over twenty thousand, confined to estates of wealthy horse fanciers. Trotting race horses are only half as numerous as twenty-odd years ago. But several surprises would await you if you investigated in the right directions.

For instance Thomas Hitchcock, Sr., could tell you there are at least twice as many hunters and jumpers as in 1910. Louis Stoddard, head of the United States Polo Association, could list four times the number of polo mounts. The proper authorities could show that more saddle horses, of all classes from purebred to plain mongrel, are in use than ever before. Experts on the thoroughbred could list more running race horses on the tracks and in the making than at any time in our history. Western dealers could convince you that there are more cow ponies than ever, since dude ranches have come into such popularity.

Because pleasure riding increased even during the worst of the depression, stores have done a good business in riding habits throughout. As wealth increased and more people took to suburban life, hunting and steeplechasing and polo grew in popularity, thus bringing into existence more of the horses they require.

Polo is, of course, one of the most expensive of games simply because of the need for fine horseflesh. A good polo mount can be made from a small, light, fast, strong horse if he is tractable and schools readily. By the time the owner proves this, he has spent several thousand dollars in the process of "making" a few



Ready — if, as
and when

More than Ever



Polo ponies in training at a Georgia stock farm. It's a safe bet the automobile won't displace these specialized thoroughbreds, but in industry generally the machine gets the call. Left, a prospect for a power tractor in boom days, but now . . .

mounts. Many a rich man of the boom days invested in a polo string, only to find it a downright embarrassment when the market turned against him. Perhaps the most famous story in this connection has to do with a wealthy New Yorker, an enthusiastic polo player, who visited a few months ago at the country home of his equally enthusiastic but hard-hit Chicago partner.

"And how are the ponies?" he brightly inquired of his hostess.

"Oh, they're fine," she assured him, "those we haven't eaten."

It is chiefly in horses for recreation that increases have come. The bulk of horses and mules has always been used to supply power for work. What of the work horse today as compared with yesterday?

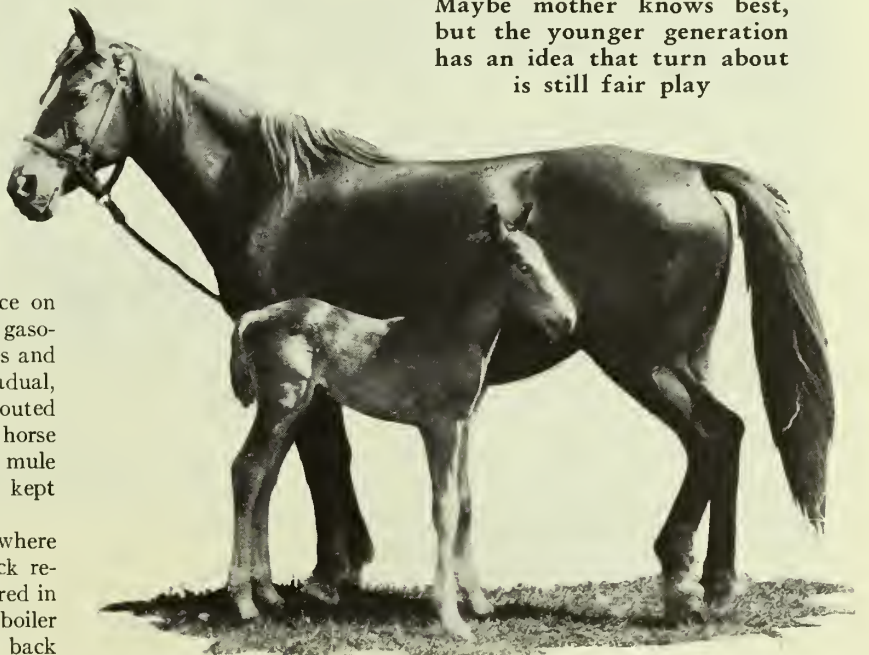
When you gave up your civilian job and drew a uniform in 1917 or 1918, you had lived your entire life in a horse-drawn world. Every year the number of horses and mules in this country had been increasing, from earliest colonial days. The United States Census had counted the equine population every ten years—at one time, and even now for all I know, paying four times as much to the census taker for reporting an establishment that sheltered a horse as it paid for reporting a human being!

The war sucked into issue harness and saddlery a large number of civilian horses and mules. Many of these were killed in action or otherwise lost. And waiting to take their place on farms and country roads and city streets was the gasoline engine, in the form of passenger automobiles and tractors and trucks. The movement, at first gradual, swelled in size and velocity until the horse was routed from his ascendancy. Statistics disclose that the horse population started downward in 1918, that the mule population first fell off in 1925. These figures kept falling every year.

Do you perhaps recall some French battlefield where your outfit moved steadily forward against slack resistance until, of a sudden, enemy batteries poured in a barrage, enemy machine guns roared like a boiler shop, and you found your companions moving back

whence you had come? You had the greater force, the greater resources on your side. Presently when they were brought into play they showed their superiority over the supernormal effort of the opposition, and you resumed your advance. Well, that is a fair comparison with what happened to the horse. He was temporarily pushed back by an artificial spurt of opposition. Today he has resumed his advance, and until some mechanical invention comes along far superior to anything now available, he will continue advancing much as he had been doing for two hundred years before.

Don't misunderstand me. I have no illusion that folks are going to scrap their nice shiny automobiles to return to 2:08 trotters. The automobile is so far superior for highway transport of passengers that it can never lose out to the horse. Gasoline vehicles have plenty of other uses that the horse can never regain. But these are, after all, only a fringe around the great field of work that the horse can do more economically and more profitably than any gasoline engine so far (Continued on page 46)



Maybe mother knows best, but the younger generation has an idea that turn about is still fair play



"AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?"
Newton D. Baker Answers

Let us FACE REALITIES

By Newton D. Baker

Chairman, 1933 Mobilization for Human Needs

A FRIEND who knew I had accepted chairmanship of the 1933 Mobilization for Human Needs, in which thirty-four national welfare and health services are co-operating in a nationwide educational effort to make known the human needs of American communities for the next year, recently said to me: "Don't you think it's bad psychology to talk about suffering and human want when a national recovery program is under way? People are tired of listening to stories of that kind. They've heard them for four years. Now it is time for a change."

I agree with my friend; it is time for a change. But the change cannot take place until we are willing to get at the bottom of things and see that the difficulties which caused the trouble are corrected. If we are willing to make this effort we can afford to be optimistic, for we are rebuilding our civic house on a rock foundation. This is the reason I feel that while we are all working to change unemployment to employment, we should also keep steadily in mind that the welfare of an individual or a nation depends not only on the wheels of industry going around once more, but on the maintenance in every community of those services which build that rugged type of citizen which James Truslow Adams in a recent article in *Harper's* describes as one "able to meet and conquer any obstacle."

Under these needed community services I should place our schools, churches and social agencies. Strange as it may seem, it is these services which, with our attention centered on recovery, we are most apt to forget, or to remember only with irritation when the subject of the expense of running them comes up for discussion.

This is particularly true in the case of our welfare agencies, and when I say welfare agencies I mean those community services which supply counsel and courage to those who are in distress, hospital and nursing care for the needy sick, homes for the children left without the protection of their natural guardians, care for the aged for whom no other means of support is possible, recreation and guidance centers for boys and girls where leisure hours may be properly spent, and those other neighborly services necessary in our present scheme of civilization.

We are likely to feel that with Federal, state and municipal governments carrying, as they are today, ninety-five percent of the material unemployment relief load, there is little or nothing left for us as private citizens to do. This is because we are not taking the time to inform ourselves properly on the actual situation. Relief work means food rations—and in some cases shelter.

If we think this is all that is necessary to keep up our courage and make us good citizens, we should just put ourselves, for a few days, in the place of a man in such a situation. Or, if we think that a million and a half to two million men taken back into industry during the summer months means that all problems are solved, we can just consider the not unusual case of Smith, for example.

Smith lost his job in the early part of 1930—and his savings at the same time. After months of idleness he secured a job last July. His first pay check seemed a fortune until he thought of the bills

which he must pay—bills which had accumulated during his months of idleness. To cap the climax, Smith's wife was taken ill and an operation was ordered. Smith had a job, and he wanted to put the best of himself into it, but his inability to meet his personal and family obligations weighed heavily upon him. He tried not to worry, realizing that by doing so he impaired his business efficiency, but after all, there are few men who can see their families in trouble and not suffer. It is for men like Smith, who have regained their jobs after months of idleness, and for those even less fortunate who are still without them, that I ask you to be on the lookout this fall and winter.

The welfare services in Smith's community helped him to solve his problems in this way: They saw that his wife was given the hospital and medical care she needed; and the children whom Smith had worried about because his pay did not permit his living in the environment which brought out the best in them were brought into well-organized youth and guidance groups. For instance, the oldest son became a member of the Boys' Club and found in it not only recreation, but a chance to follow his particular hobby, which happened to be carpentry. The daughter joined the Girl Scouts, and the two younger children found the Neighborhood Settlement a place where the playtime was planned so that a great many of life's lessons in co-operation were learned. These community services took a tremendous load off Smith's

"This fall American communities are raising funds for the human needs which must be met during the coming year, if we are to keep faith with our fellow citizens and in step with civilization. Your contribution to these funds in the community in which you live means that you are taking part in the rebuilding of America"

shoulders. He was able to put the best into his work; life still has its problems, but he has found it worth living.

This, in brief, is what the welfare organizations in the community in which Smith lived did for him. And Smith's case is duplicated by thousands of others. But my friend advises me to stop talking about human needs and center my attention on recovery. Is it not plain to be seen that recovery is not possible—genuine recovery, I mean—unless we keep constantly in mind the welfare and happiness of individual citizens?

"Looking out for people isn't my job; I've got all I can do to look out for myself." It is surprising how (*Continued on page 46*)

THIS, TOO, *is*

*By Robert
Captain.*

On the slope of Mont Valérien, three miles from the walls of Paris and overlooking the French capital is Surèsnes American Cemetery. The Eiffel Tower shows in the distance at the right

filled eyes and undoubtedly recalling to themselves the 1917-18 arrivals of their own sons and husbands who never returned, the 49th and last contingent of Gold Star Pilgrims of 1933 closely resembled the first outfit that landed in 1930.

A few more wheel-chairs, an extra stretcher or two and three additional nurses eloquently foretold that, as a whole, perhaps this group was a bit older, probably more feeble but otherwise according to the well-established pattern.

On closer inspection, the individuals in this group, as in every other, proved as varied as our heterogeneous population. There were some women who several times had girdled the globe and others who, despite our modern facilities of transportation, never before had left their cottage and their farm. There were mothers of means, though seldom of affluence, who packed a fairly complete wardrobe in the two suit cases which the Army had suggested as the limit and others who had no dress but the one on their back. There were college-trained mothers and widows who often helped their conducting officers translate a rapid flow of French words from the mouth of a harassed traffic officer, and others who had difficulty

comprehending even the simplest English.

In practically every one of the forty-nine groups there were some women who not only could not speak English but who could understand very little. Nor were they recently arrived immigrants. Practically all of them were living in the United States in 1917-18 and many of their sons who lay in the American cemeteries in France had been born to them in this country. Neither were they illiterate in their own tongues. They read and wrote Norwegian, Italian, Yiddish, Czech, Portuguese, Finnish, Greek and other languages but evidently lived in communities of their own kind and found that they could lead their every-day lives in America without a working knowledge of the English language.

There were women who carried plenty of extra money to buy souvenirs and the latest Parisian gowns and others who arrived in Paris with less than two dollars.



DURING the summer of 1933 it was my good fortune to get one of the seven assignments issued by the War Department for duty as a conducting officer of the Gold Star Mothers and Widows on their pilgrimage to the cemeteries of France, Belgium and England. This work gave me an unusual opportunity to get an insight into the heart and character of American womanhood. In this article, I have attempted to record the impression that these women made upon those who served with them during their visits to the cemeteries where lie sons and husbands who gave their lives for their country in the trying days of 1917-18.

The first impressions of an incoming ship of Gold Star Pilgrims were usually the same.

Tenaciously clinging to the rails of the ship, nervously leaning forward and scanning the horizon, frequently dabbing their tear-

AMERICA

Ginsburgh *F.A., U.S.A.*

There was one Gold Star Mother from the Middle West who asked the regular army officer in charge of her group to buy her some stamps for the postcards she had selected and dumped the contents of her purse in his lap. He counted two nickels, seven pennies and forty-five centimes—a twenty-five, two ten and two five centime pieces in French money.

"Is that all you have?"

"Yes, that's all, ain't that enough?"

"Yes, it's enough. Just give me the cards and I'll see that they are mailed," offered the captain. From his own pocket, he picked out a few francs and mailed the cards.

The next day, as this same woman was stepping out of the elevator, he saw her reach down into her pocketbook and give the boy a coin for a tip. At his first opportunity, he sought out his Gold Star Mother:

"It is none of my business what you do with your money, of course, but I would not put it out in tips, if I were you. The Government's bill at this hotel includes tips. I explained that to you the day of your arrival. You remember now, don't you? Besides, you have not enough money to use it up in tips."

"Ain't I though? I got more money than you think I have. I've been holding out on you."

WHEN the first contingent of Gold Star Mothers of America sailed for France in May, 1930, as guests of the United States Government, John J. Noll of The American Legion Monthly staff went with them, and his account of the first pilgrimage appeared in the magazine the following September. Captain Robert Ginsburgh has this year been serving as a conducting officer with the final groups of mothers, and recently returned from France with the last contingent of all

"How much have you got, may I ask?"

"I got another dollar, see?" and she flashed a crisp one dollar bill.

"Besides," she added, "I'm gonna spend it all on tips. I know what it is to live on tips. In my younger days, I worked as a chambermaid in a hotel and, without tips, I'd have starved. When my husband died, he left me with three boys. The oldest was five, the youngest, ten months. I raised my boys on tips. That boy of mine who is buried in the Argonne got his bread and butter, his clothes and his books on what I made on tips. So please don't tell me that I must not tip!"

Despite the striking differences in experience, education and training among its members, each group of Gold Star Pilgrims



One of the parties of mothers and widows, with its American officer escort, approaching the Arc de Triomphe in Paris to pay respects to the Unknown Soldier of France, buried beneath the arch

soon developed into a cohesive unit, only equaled in the outfits of their own sons and husbands. The stronger aided the weaker. The younger gave deference to the elder. Those of more worldly goods often freely gave of their wardrobe to the less fortunate. Patronizing airs toward the poorer, the less literate or the foreign members seldom manifested themselves. Women of the South whose memories still vividly recalled Fort Donelson and Fort



England, too, has its American Cemetery. At Brookwood, about thirty miles from London, lie the bodies of more than four hundred Americans who lost their lives in Great Britain or in its surrounding waters

Sumter shared rooms with New England Yankees, and often they grew quite fond of each other.

Soon these women's boasts, characteristic of their own sons and husbands, were broadcast. Each group sang the virtues of its own ship, in composite terms somewhat as these:

"Our ship is the best in the fleet. The *Harding* may not be the newest but it has the finest crew. The *Roosevelt* may not be the fastest but it provides the most delicious meals. The *Manhattan* is the greatest ship afloat. The *Washington* is a palace. Our flag on the seas is the most beautiful in the world."

When they landed, they all could not be accommodated at the same hotel. About the second day in Paris, each group was praising its own rooms and its own meals. The women further were subdivided into convenient administrative groups on the basis of the cemeteries where their sons

The soldiers and sailors lost at sea were not forgotten. An Indian mother, en route to her son's grave in France, assists in casting a wreath upon the Atlantic

and husbands were buried. Soon the usual remarks were heard:

"Our cemetery is the prettiest. Our nurse is the most thoughtful. Our doctor is the most skilful. Our conducting officer—" for him they could not find enough praise.

To each cemetery group, the Army had assigned a regular army officer upon whom devolved the principal responsibility in the Pilgrimage program. He met his party at the port of debarkation and remained with it for about fifteen days until it was safely aboard ship on its return voyage. He accompanied these women to the cemeteries where they faced their severest ordeal. He escorted them to the battlefields and pointed out to them where their boys fought, bled and died. He showed them the interesting sights of Paris and much of France. He answered their questions, offered them suggestions, wrote their letters, changed their money and sympathetically listened to their stories.

Each mother and each widow naturally felt that her son or husband was the most wonderful soldier in the American Expeditionary Forces. Each Pilgrim carried mementoes, letters, decorations and pictures of her loved one and most of them found the occasion to show them to the conducting officer and to discuss exploits of her own hero.

For this sympathetic role, the army officer was especially prepared. He had the military record of the fallen soldier, knew where

he came from, to what outfit he belonged, where he served, where he fought, where and when he died and usually where he was buried. His thorough knowledge of the soldier's career immediately won him a friend and an admirer in the mother or widow and a complete and sympathetic understanding followed.

While the conducting officer in France served in the front line of the Pilgrimage to bear the principal responsibility for the success or failure of the project and for the satisfaction or disappointment of every individual woman, he had with him and behind him a thoroughly organized staff which facilitated his job.

To each group was assigned an army medical officer and a nurse under the administration of the Medical Department of the





A group of mothers and widows of our honored dead pause before the church of Sacre Coeur on Montmartre in Paris

United States Army. Specialists in the bone, heart and lung diseases so frequently found among older people were selected for the assignment. Under the supervision of the Army Nurse Corps, the best nurses in Europe were assembled. They performed yeoman service. Not only once but three and four times a day, they visited each Pilgrim. Not only French and English but many other European tongues, they often fluently spoke. Over the health, comfort and happiness of every Pilgrim, they kept constant watch and all information essential to the welfare of the individual or the group, they passed along to the doctor and to the conducting officer. The first to arise and the last to retire, cheerfully and efficiently they carried on their duties and won the everlasting respect and love of the Pilgrims.

There were also civilian guides for each bus, all ex-service men, Legionnaires, who knew every inch of the battlefields, spoke French fluently and were thoroughly familiar with the roads. They proved of inestimable value to the conducting officers.

In Paris, the Army had, first under Colonel Richard T. Ellis and the last two years under Lieutenant Colonel Richard H. Jordan, a selected staff of officers and civilians to organize and plan the details of the Pilgrimage overseas. Their work, seldom noticed by the Pilgrims themselves, played a vital role in the success of the project.

There were problems of housing and feeding, transporting and entertaining. French hotels of the first class had to be found which would agree to adopt American standards and serve American meals. Among the 6674 women who in the past four years had made the pilgrimage, there were diabetic patients on special diets, Orthodox Jewish women who would not eat any but Kosher dishes, Seventh Day Adventists who on Saturday refused to desecrate their Sabbath by riding the buses on the way to their meals, and many whose absence of teeth made difficult the mastication of ordinary foods. Each had to be provided with special arrangements. Occasionally, prejudices against certain foods on the part of some of the Pilgrims had to be watched lest they

food is inspected by the doctors and you get exactly what's on the menu. If it says 'beef' you may rest assured it is real beef. If it says 'lamb' you can bet it's lamb," the officer reassured her.

Conversation drifted to other subjects. When the party sat down to luncheon, this Pilgrim asked for the menu. Intently she looked at it. Closer to her eyes, she carried it. Then at a distance, she held it up and read it. Finally with her index finger, she pointed out the words in the first line to her neighbor and

spread to the whole party.

In passing through the market districts of Paris one morning, a colored Gold Star Mother noticed the sign of three horses' heads above the shop door.

"What are those horses' heads for?" she asked the conducting officer.

"Some of the poorer people in France cannot afford ordinary meat so there are butcher shops which sell only horse meat. At the sign of the horses' heads, you can buy horsemeat," explained the captain.

"Do we ever get horsemeat to eat at our hotel?"

"No, no, never! Your



In the heart of one of the most decisive battle areas of the Western Front during the final days of the war is the Meuse-Argonne American Cemetery. Located just east of the village of Romagne, this vast, impressive soldiers' field contains the bodies of 14,134 American soldiers

almost immediately both put down their napkins and arose. Soon others began to leave the table. The conducting officer sensed something wrong and rushed up to find out the cause of the trouble.

(Continued on page 49)

ALL OVER *the* MAP

by Boyd B. Stutler

WHEN Wiley Post finished his record-breaking flight around the world last summer he had clocked up but a few hundred more than fifteen thousand miles of actual travel. His feat was marvelous—the actual number of miles traveled is unimportant in the light of his accomplishment; it is enough that he had the skill, courage and fortitude to do what no other man had done.

Another record was made this year—one not so spectacular as a flight around the world, but one that is outstanding in the service of The American Legion. When Louis Johnson laid down his gavel at the close of the National Convention at Chicago on October 5th he could look back upon a record of more than one hundred thousand miles of travel made during his year as National Commander. Post made his mileage in one week, Commander Johnson took a whole year to make his record, but most people will agree that one hundred thousand is a right considerable amount, even in the best of times, whether the reckoning be made in dollars or in miles.

One hundred thousand miles of travel in a year! That is the way the book reads, miles clocked up day by day as the Commander moved from one city to another. It was just one long trek from Portland, Oregon, where he assumed the duties of the National Commandership, down to the last day; going into every State for one or more meetings, moving in and out across the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The route of his official itinerary weaved and traced a gigantic spider-web upon the map.

Again, the number of miles traveled is a matter of small importance in the actual accomplishment of the admin-

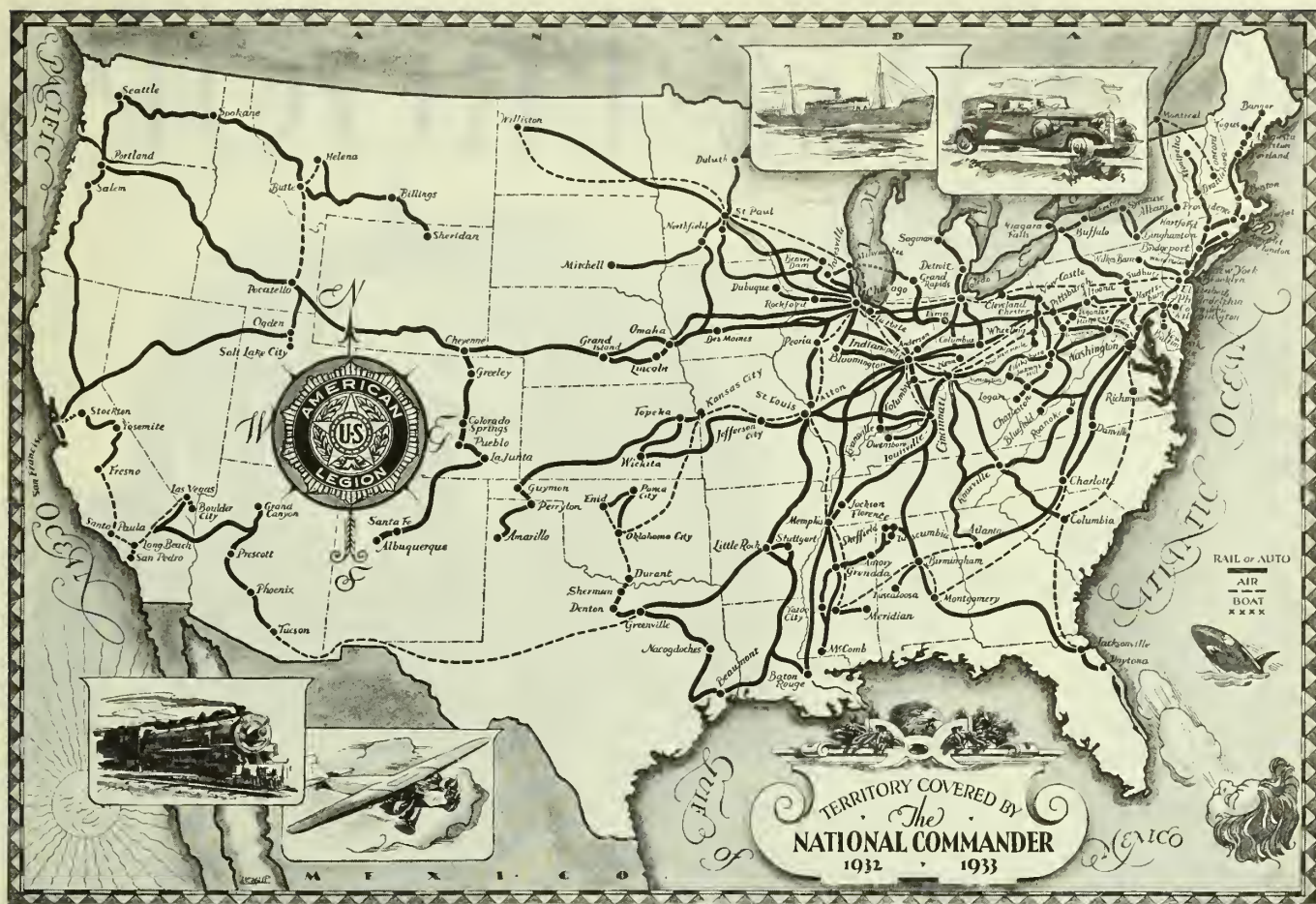
NATIONAL COMMANDER JOHNSON knows the United States as few people know it, thanks to airplanes, automobiles, railroads, a supporting cast of willing and able Legionnaires, and a constitution that, during his term, allowed him to go through on schedule with an itinerary that included every State

istration of Legion affairs. In addition to covering a distance nearly seven times that of the route followed by Post in his memorable and historic flight, the Commander had official and administrative duties that demanded attention. There were brief stops at National Headquarters at Indianapolis, still briefer stops at his home at Clarksburg, West Virginia, when much of this work was done. Like the Civil War general whose headquarters were in the saddle, Commander Johnson carried on wherever he happened to be. He carried his headquarters with him.

Few persons, save only those who are very close to National

The National Commander bringing good cheer to former service men at Veterans Hospital No. 51, Tucson, Arizona





CARTOGRAPHER, WILLIAM HEASLIP

Headquarters and the individual who heads the organization for a year, know what a strain the Legion puts upon its Commanders. From the time one takes office until the hour the gavel is relinquished to his successor it is push and drive every waking hour, and incidentally it may be said that the Commander is going many hours when he should be sleeping. Aside from the administrative duties which must be attended to whether at Headquarters or in the field, there are speeches to make, conferences to attend, an almost endless round of breakfasts, luncheons, dinners and suppers, radio broadcasts, corner-stone layings, dedications, unveilings, reviews, welcomings and God-speedings without number. Christenings and weddings are also marked upon the book.

There are times when the Commander keeps going on sheer nerve, and no one should know that better than I, who accompanied Louis Johnson on his round of travels from one end of this broad land to the other. Though sometimes worked and driven to the point of almost complete physical exhaustion Commander Johnson kept on a timed schedule, and through fair weather and foul he kept on it almost to the minute. Another record of the year was that he kept so closely to the schedule that he did not miss a train, airplane, boat or automobile intended to carry him from one place to another.

Like a bird on the wing, Commander Johnson flitted purposefully from Portland, Oregon, to Daytona, Florida; from Portland, Maine, to Los Angeles, California, with stops at way-points and cities in every State. Were he not going back to Clarksburg to take up the practice of law where he left off a little more than a year ago he could qualify as a travel lecturer, join a lyceum or Chautauqua outfit and go back over the same route to tell of the wonders and glories of this or these United States. He could tell of the glory of the sunrise over the sky-line of little old New York; of the indescribable beauty of the sunset when seen through the Golden Gate at San Francisco; of the thousand and one historic spots he has seen; of the majesty of the great Sequoias; of the unspoiled beauty of Yosemite; the scenic grandeur of Niagara; the sublime spectacle of the Grand Canyon at sunrise; of moun-

tain, hill and plain; of city, town and hamlet; of lake and sea.

There are other qualifications that fit the immediate Past National Commander for the lecture field, chief among which is his familiarity with the platform. He would need no special training for lyceum or Chautauqua work, for during his year in office he was called upon to deliver more than three hundred speeches, major and minor—speeches ranging in time length from a few minutes to the heavy ones running on from an hour and a quarter to an hour and a half. Having listened to at least two hundred and seventy-five of the three hundred and some, I feel that I am competent to testify as to his platform performance. I call it good, darn good. There are few who, having the knowledge that I heard one speaker more than two hundred and seventy-five times in one year, will have the hardihood to say that I am prejudiced.

WHILE talking of speeches and addresses, including broadcasts, let me say with a considerable measure of pride that in all the year Commander Johnson filled in person every engagement definitely made; only one engagement was postponed—an address to the Kentucky Department Convention at Owensboro—and this was filled on the day following the date originally set; and with but two or three exceptions every engagement was met at the hour fixed upon. These exceptions—notably Birmingham and Oklahoma City—were such that the Commander would only have served to decorate the hall had he been there on schedule time—he was right there when time came for him to take his place on the program.

Methods of transportation presented one of the big problems of the year, and as that was my particular worry, it caused much vexation of spirit and weariness of the flesh. In order to get about so that Commander Johnson could deliver two or three speeches a day at different places, with a broadcast or so thrown in for good measure, it was necessary to work out all kinds and sorts of running schedules to meet the means of transportation at hand with the least possible loss of time. Combined schedules of rail, plane and automobile on one trip were (Continued on page 40)

KEEP *the* TROOPS

Love and the Business of Making A Living Invoke Old General Forrest's FORMULA - FOR-VICTORY

*Illustrations by
J. Sanford Hulme*

"DOROTHY," said George Van Cortlandt gloomily, "I love you but I can't ask you to marry me; I'm too poor."
"That's nice!" Dorothy replied cheerfully—too cheerfully, George thought.

"It's horrible," said George.

Dorothy serenely opened the mirror case in her purse and powdered her nose. George watched the deft performance of this rite with the awe it always induces in strong men. He was struck anew by the fact that Dorothy Brooks was a very beautiful and a very charming young person. Large blue eyes, fluffy gold-brown hair and a tip-tilted nose faintly sprinkled with freckles made her an exceedingly pleasant object for contemplation.

"Did you ever hear of General Nathan B. Forrest?" asked Dorothy, dusting her freckles with pale pink-gold powder. "I've just read a thrilling magazine article about him."

"No," George confessed, "I never heard of him. He wasn't in my war."

"No, he wasn't, darling! He was a Confederate general in the Civil War and 'Keep the troops moving!' was his slogan."

"Then I know he wasn't in my war," said George. "All my generals seemed keen to keep the boys standing in trenches. With water up to their knees. Most unpleasant!"

"I know," Dorothy remarked soothingly, "but it's all over now. Your trouble is that you're marking time, which simply gets you nowhere. You've been loafing along at the bond business expecting your Uncle Hamilton to leave you a million and he leaves you nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine dollars and ninety-nine cents. Oh, I'm not knocking your uncle! But," Dorothy continued with a logic George found bewildering, "I love you—"

"Would you mind repeating that?" George demanded with sudden animation. "And let's not talk about Uncle Hamilton; let's talk about you and me and how we're going to get married."

"That's just what I am talking about—you and me," said Dorothy, extricating herself without haste from his arms. "Now there's no use in your sticking around New York trying to sell bonds. The war was exciting and naturally things have seemed tame to you ever since. You need a new adventure to pep you up! Some wise guy said courage is fighting with the scabbard when the sword is broken. Come out to Tekoa and start all over again in the best little old town in the cornbelt!"

"Tekoa—me!" gasped George. "But I've only got that measly ten thousand minus one cent Uncle Hamilton left me. Even in Tekoa that wouldn't go very far."

"Wrong!" said Dorothy, who seemed always to have the answer. "Why, you can easily become Tekoa's leading citizen. I've lived in Tekoa all my life and know my home town. We need stirring up and you'd be as good as an earthquake or a cyclone to stimulate us. If you hit our city with your proud Van Cortlandt name and the news that you'd left New York and chosen Tekoa above all other spots on the map as a place of residence things would hum! It's really Cousin Charlie's idea," Dorothy continued confidently. "He knows a lot of newspaper men and he has a scheme for getting a lot of publicity for you that would make Tekoa dash out to meet you."

"Slaughtered for a Tekoa holiday! Sounds just like one of Charlie's dumb jokes. If joking could have lost the war the Kaiser'd be living in the White House right now. Charlie thinks it's a big laugh that Uncle Hamilton left me that pitiful fragment of his millions and a bunch of stocks and bonds of absolutely no value. Frankly, Dorothy, I don't like being joshed about it."

"That," said Dorothy placidly, "is your inferiority complex working. I've been going into the new science of numerology," she continued. "It's quite the thing now. I think it's simply



MOVING

By Meredith
Nicholson

George dropped the package with seals unbroken into a large safe deposit box which a lobby policeman carried to the vault

wonderful how much figures have to do with our lives and success and everything. Nine has always been my lucky number. My birthday's April ninth and we met on the ninth of June and all those nines in that legacy *must* mean something. Why, right at this minute we're engaged—whether you want to be or not—and it's July ninth!"

"So it is," said George. "But don't talk such woozy stuff. It's nice you're willing to be engaged to a pauper but that Tekoa idea is out! It's looney!"

"Listen to me," said Dorothy. "The folks in Tekoa are not snobs. But you can see how a Van Cortlandt—old Hudson River aristocracy—handsome and wealthy, soldier of the republic who fought and bled gloriously for his country—"

"Don't rub it in!" cried George. "The only blood I shed for my country was when I cut myself on a condensed milk can."

"And it might have killed you," murmured Dorothy.

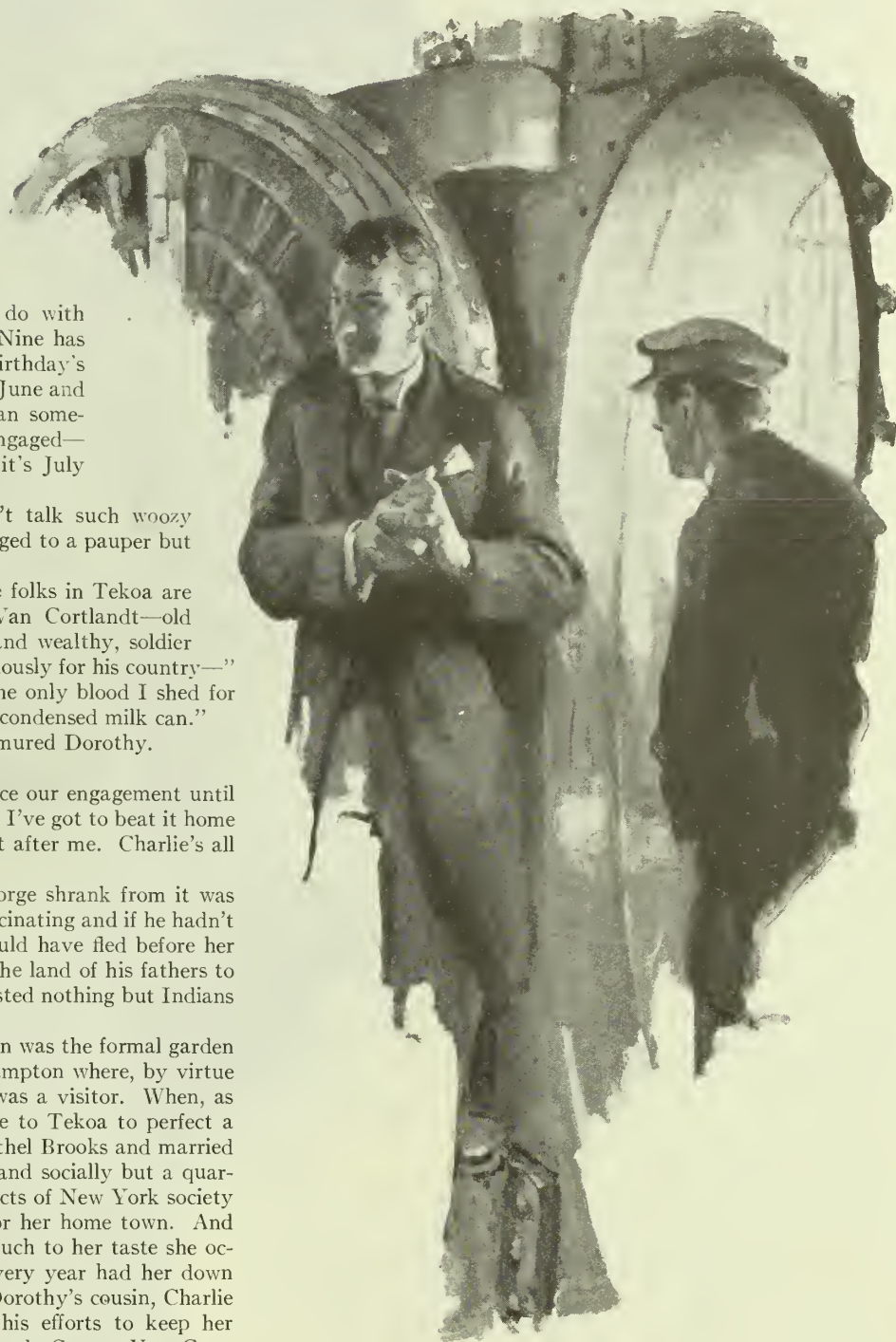
"What—the milk?"

"Please be serious. We'll not announce our engagement until you get settled in Tekoa and have a job. I've got to beat it home in just three days. You can follow right after me. Charlie's all set to start your publicity."

Publicity! If there was anything George shrank from it was publicity. If Dorothy hadn't been so fascinating and if he hadn't been so terribly in love with her he would have fled before her fantastic idea of transferring him from the land of his fathers to a Western town with a name that suggested nothing but Indians—or maybe a country club.

The scene of this momentous discussion was the formal garden on the Pickens' country place at Southampton where, by virtue of being Mrs. Pickens' niece, Dorothy was a visitor. When, as a young man, Gordon Pickens had gone to Tekoa to perfect a merger of utility interests he had met Ethel Brooks and married her. Pickens had prospered financially and socially but a quarter of a century within the sacred precincts of New York society hadn't diminished his wife's affection for her home town. And finding her blue-eyed, vivacious niece much to her taste she occasionally sent Dorothy a check and every year had her down to New York or out to Southampton. Dorothy's cousin, Charlie Pickens, rejoiced in her visits and in his efforts to keep her amused had brought his particular friend, George Van Cortlandt, into the picture. Charlie and George had abruptly terminated their pursuit of knowledge at Yale to train together at Plattsburg. Crossing the sea as second lieutenants they had, as Charlie tersely put it, served their country's flag so inconspicuously that they reached home without a scratch, a promotion or a decoration between them.

Charlie refused to take life very seriously and as George was born with the worrying habit and didn't mind being kidded, they got along together splendidly. Charlie found food for much mirth in A. Hamilton Van Cortlandt's will which, as Charlie said, left George, the last of the Van Cortlandts, to peddle pencils on Fifth Avenue in a noble effort to avoid becoming a public charge. If, Charlie declared, the old gentleman had had the patriotism



of a rabbit and had known how much George had suffered on the Western Front from being deprived of his morning tub he would have chucked George at least two million.

George had his own explanation of his uncle's niggardly treatment. Uncle Hamilton was cursed with a statistical mind and had a most appalling knowledge of the financial status of obscure republics and kingdoms. He would invite George to dinner with every appearance of meeting his avuncular obligations in the friendliest manner and then would catechize his nephew as to the Finnish national debt or the value of Guatemala's export trade in bananas and chicle. It was a hideously bad guess in answer to a casual question as to the world production of gold in 1928 that

had, George assumed, ruined him with his uncle and perhaps hastened that gentleman's end, for a week later A. Hamilton Van Cortlandt had succumbed to a stroke of apoplexy.

Hamilton's sister, Miss Martha Van Cortlandt, immediately emerged from her seclusion at Bedford Hills for the funeral and lodged in the most expensive hotel in New York, where George dutifully attended her. George, becoming an orphan at eighteen, had lived for a time with Aunt Martha, a severe spinster whose house was full of angora cats.

The day after the funeral George had convoyed his Aunt Martha to a lawyer's office where the will was read. Two million to Aunt Martha—who didn't need the money—and a million for hospitals in Asia. George was to receive nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine dollars and ninety-nine cents in cash and certain stocks and bonds, specifically named, had been set apart for him. These securities had glittered promisingly in six figures in the preliminary inventory but a final appraisal showed them to be dead stuff which represented all the bad investments A. Hamilton Van Cortlandt had ever made. A year later, when the estate was closed and only a week before George found himself so terribly in love with Dorothy, he had signed a receipt for this hollow mockery of a fortune, deposited the cash in the bank and stowed the stocks and bonds in a closet in his apartment where he kept discarded raiment.

So much for the unromantic facts connected with George's inheritance.

"If you stay in New York," Dorothy was saying, "we may not see each other for ages. And you admit the bond business bores you. And in Tekoa—"

"All right!" George exclaimed in desperation. "I'll go to Tekoa. But—"

"I'm glad everything is settled," said Dorothy composedly.

GEORGE burned his bridges. He cleaned out his desk at the bond house, resigned from his clubs and sent flowers or left cards where such courtesies seemed to be required.

He entrained for the cornlands with a gloomy conviction that he was launched upon an adventure more hazardous than exposure to German shells. Charlie Pickens saw him off.

"Now, George," said Charlie, as the train gave a preliminary jerk, "don't duck when you hear my publicity barrage roaring. I've got some hot stuff all ready to shoot and every word of it will be gospel truth!"

"Don't you do that!" George yelled as the train began to move. "Don't you dare start any fool—"

"Razzberries!" Charlie howled and waved his hand.

In spite of his agitation George slept well, was up early and perused the newspapers that were served with his breakfast. A horrified glance caught his name, head-lined on the first page of a Cleveland journal. George Van Cortlandt, scion of one of New York's oldest families, disgusted with the sham and hypocrisy of metropolitan life had deserted the city of his forbears to establish himself in Tekoa, Indiana! Charlie's work! George was struck with fear lest some of his fellow passengers might recognize him, for the Cleveland paper printed his picture in uniform and mentioned that the last of the Van Cortlandts had served with great distinction in France! Distinction! George moaned

when an hour later a Tekoa newspaper was put aboard and there under a streamer-head was the same story.

As he stepped from the train cameras clicked disconcertingly and he was accosted at once by several cheerful gentlemen wearing blue ribbons inscribed: "Greetings Committee—Tekoa Chamber of Commerce." George had hoped to see Dorothy but Dorothy wasn't in sight.



Official greetings were new to George but he got himself together and met the greeters graciously. They bore him away in a fleet car to rooms reserved for him at the Sycamore Athletic Club.

"Gentlemen, I am touched," said George, who was not only touched but embarrassed. "I appreciate this—"

"We want you to feel that Tekoa is your home," chorused the greeters.

In the suite reserved for him George found a tall stack of mail, consisting of advertisements and invitations to innumerable functions. He locked the door and called Dorothy on the telephone.

"Be a sport," Dorothy admonished. "You know I love you

"This newspaper stuff they're shooting about you," Hendricks began a little belligerently, "would make any one think you'd won the war in your silk pajamas and had come out here to feed money to the sparrows."

"That's unfortunate," said George with an effort at levity. "My intentions toward your city are strictly honorable and above board."

"Good boy," said Hendricks with a grin. He sat down and filled a brierwood. "You've got my police department all hot and bothered. They think maybe you've picked Tekoa to put over a racket of some kind."

"Not exactly," George replied, wondering whether what he was doing wasn't, in fact, of the nature of a racket.

However, he felt much more at home with the mayor than with the Chamber of Commerce greeters. Hendricks had, it was casually revealed, been a captain in the Marines. Otherwise he was a lawyer. Tekoa had long been in the clutches of a bunch of crooks and grafters and he had got himself elected to the mayoralty with the praiseworthy object of cleaning them out. He had 'em on the run, he announced with satisfaction.

George expressed his admiration for the mayor's patriotism and lit a cigarette.

"The superstition that the Marines are hard-boiled," the mayor continued as he nursed his pipe, "doesn't apply to me. I'm only a little lamb bleating at the jackals. Just now they're trying to stop me from floating a perfectly legitimate bond issue to refurbish our city. It's got pretty shabby and run-down with those bandits taking a slice of the contracts. I want to make Tekoa the high spot of the West. Let's keep in touch."

After the mayor left George submitted to interviewers and photographers and went to lunch with Dorothy, who lived with her father in a rambling old house on the edge of town.

At six o'clock George found himself—after being greeted and snap-shotted some more—seated beside the president of the Tekoa Municipal League who, after a dinner that was not so terrible even by New York club standards, introduced George as Tekoa's newest citizen. It would be a pleasure, the president declared beamingly, to hear from Colonel George Van Cortlandt.

George responded briefly but not without effect. He was profoundly moved by the president's welcoming remarks. Everything that was good for Tekoa was good for America. (Applause.) He recited

statistics gleaned in his preparations for Uncle Hamilton's catechizing, showing that the corn-belt States were the keystone of the arch of American patriotism and prosperity.

The speeches had been broadcast over the Tekoa station and when he escaped from the banquet hall George locked himself in his room for another telephone talk with Dorothy. She assured him that she had listened in and that he had been simply wonderful.

When he woke the next morning he called for the *Courier* and found more traces of Charlie Pickens' work. A picture of the old Van Cortlandt homestead on the Hudson was published, with additional family history, most of it news to George. The leading editorial warmly praised George's speech at the Municipal League dinner and welcomed him to Tekoa.

At eleven o'clock he took a stroll through the business district accompanied by two reporters. He shook them at the First National Bank, where he gave his name (Continued on page 52)



"Did you ever hear of General Nathan B. Forrest?" she asked as she serenely powdered her nose

and wouldn't do anything to embarrass you. I wasn't at the station because I'm not in the sketch at all—not yet. Remember, you've chosen Tekoa solely because of its superior advantages—be sure and tell that to the reporters. You're going to be awfully busy these next few days but I want you to come out to my house for lunch today. You're booked for the Municipal League dinner tonight and tomorrow you look in on a couple of conventions."

George was unpacking when an imperious knock startled him. He opened the door to receive the mayor of Tekoa. Hendricks was the name. A stocky young man with square shoulders and a square jaw. The severity of his countenance was relieved somewhat by his humorous brown eyes.

MY MEMORIES *of the* RAINBOW DIVISION

By General Henri J. E. Gouraud,
Military Governor of Paris
As told to Bernhard Ragner

NOVEMBER 11, 1918, was a momentous day in world history, but there was a day not quite four months earlier which was itself momentous and which paved the way for November 11th.

On July 15, 1918, the Friedensturm or peace assault of the enemy (which they hoped and really believed would be the prelude to a Teutonic victory) dashed itself to pieces against an

immovable wall of human granite: The Fourth French Army, in the very center of which I had placed the 42d American Division—La Rainbow. On that day the French and American troops under my orders stopped the enemy, stopped him dead, on the precise spot where we had decided to fight and to win the battle. As a result, three days later, Generals Mangin and Dégoutte were able to launch their counter-offensive, and from

that moment on victory perched faithfully on French and Allied banners. From that moment, also, it became evident who was to win the momentous race between the United States and Marshal von Hindenburg. Did not the Rainbow Division, with its heroic lads from the sidewalks of New York and the plains of Kansas, from the cotton fields of Alabama and the mountain fastnesses of Colorado, provide an unmistakable indication as to who the victor would be? As best I can, I shall try to recall my memories of that fateful day.

First of all, I must describe my initial encounter with the Rainbow Division. In this Champagne defensive, the first casualty was an American buck private, knocked down by my own automobile! I was returning at night from Sainte Ménéhoulde where I had gone to confer with my corps commander. Now and then the dark night was punctuated with brilliant flashes and loud explosions as (thanks to the expert marksmanship of our artillery) German munition dumps, accumulated for the approaching offensive, went up in smoke and fire and thunder.

Through the village of Tilloy sped my car. All of a sudden, in the glare of the headlights, I saw an American soldier, evidently unaware of our presence, walking toward us, his



The man whom General Gouraud's automobile ran down, C. W. Burnett of Macon, Georgia, and the Rainbow Division, at his job as a printer

AS PARIS CELEBRATED OUR INDEPENDENCE DAY

General Pershing rekindling
the flame at the tomb of
France's Unknown Soldier
while General Gouraud and
James L. McCann, Commander
of Paris Post of the Legion,
look on

head inclined upon his breast. He was at the left of the automobile, which my chauffeur had slowed down, when unexpectedly and deliberately (it seemed) he turned to the right and walked head-first into my car. A crash! A cry!—and he fell like a lump to the ground. I sprang to his side; he was unconscious. I called for aid. The Second Georgia Machine Gun Battalion was billeted in Tilloy; in two seconds a hundred Georgians crowded about me. "This is a pretty kettle of fish," I remarked to myself. "General Pershing assigns me the Rainbow Division for reinforcements, and voilà! the first man to fall is knocked senseless by my own automobile."

Among the Georgians I espied a French officer-interpreter and to him I explained that I couldn't understand why or how this lad had thrown himself against my car. "Perhaps this is the explanation," hazarded the interpreter. "Late this afternoon, orders arrived directing these machine-gunners to go forward to the front line, and I assure you, mon Général, that it provoked delirious enthusiasm. And doubtless this soldier was dreaming of tomorrow's battle . . . and somehow, he got lost in his dream."

Since that night I have tried to imagine what could have been the dream of this youthful Georgian, as he wandered about this French village, far, far away from his own hearthstone. Of what was he thinking? Was he meditating of the morrow when, perhaps, like Alan Seeger, he too might have a rendezvous with death? Personally, I am convinced that he was penetrated, like all his comrades of La Rainbow, by the noble sentiments which brought America into the war—liberty of peoples, justice and right. Today, fifteen years after that battle, I sometimes doubt and wonder (they also I imagine) if that generous, glorious dream has been completely realized.

EVERY time that I visited the United States, there was a general (myself) looking for this buck private. One day I found him in Macon, Georgia: C. W. Burnett, his address being 21 Wall Street. We had a happy reunion, while discussing our strange encounter in Tilloy. His remembrance of it was as distinct as my own; now and anon, I hear from him by letter. I hope he reads these lines; if he does, I send him my friendly greetings and best wishes.

At this moment, if you permit, I shall jump in the ranks from a buck private to a four-star general, by sending my affectionate regards to General Douglas MacArthur, Chief of Staff of the United States Army. He too was of the Rainbow Division, although I never bumped into him with my automobile; and he contributed greatly, as divisional chief of staff, to that "decisive day of the war." I saw him at work; I noted his exceptional



capacities as military chieftain and strategist, and I was among the first—certainly, the first Frenchman—to predict promotion to his present responsible post. As far back as 1923, in Baltimore, I asserted: "I have seen many generals, but not a single one more capable than General MacArthur. I am convinced that a day will come when the United States Government, which is an intelligent Government, will name Douglas MacArthur to the supreme command of its Army." My prophecy, which is a matter of newspaper record, became a fact in 1930. At the time I sent General MacArthur my congratulations, but I repeat them here, sincerely and cordially; he is truly the right man in the right place.

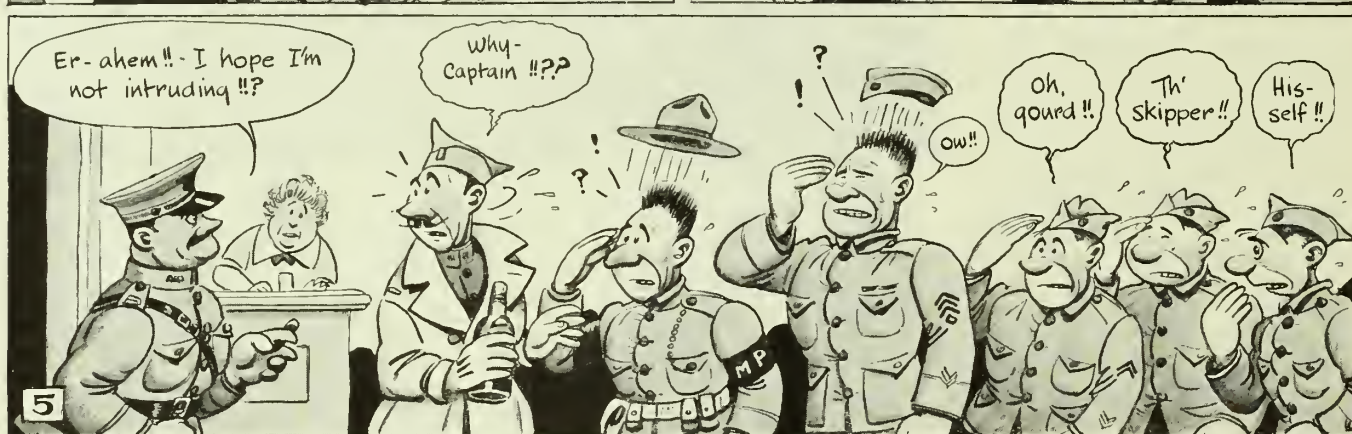
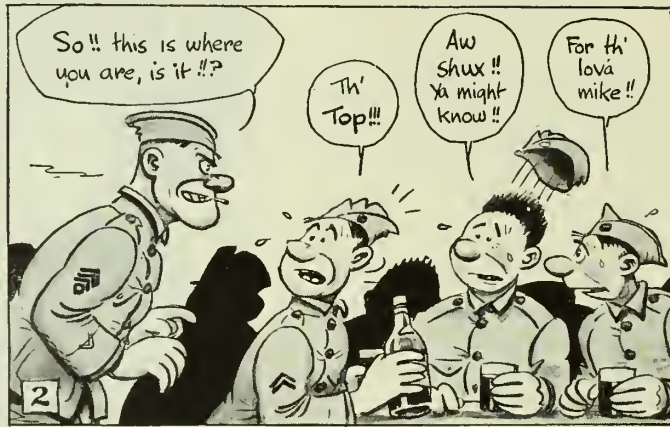
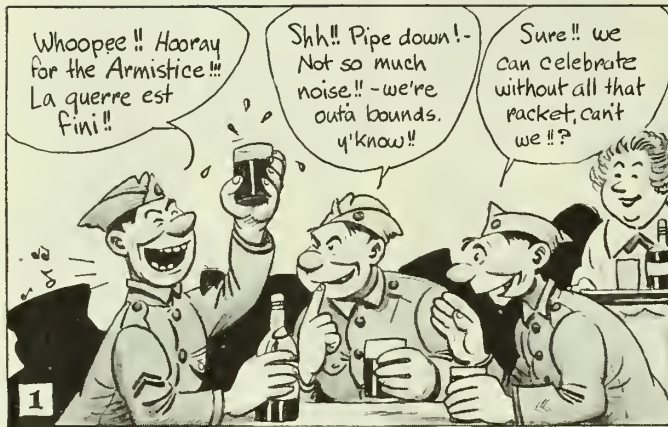
AH! MANY names of cherished friends flit through my memory as I recall the battle baptism of the Rainbow Division. To all of them, I should like to send "my best friendships"—to General Henry J. Reilly, to Congressman A. Piatt Andrew, to Colonel William Donovan, George MacDonald, Colonels George Burleigh, John Mangan, Noble B. Judah, Murphy, Screws, Bodine, and Johnson of Macon; also to Captain C. E. McCullough. But this list of comrades, if extended, would develop into a veritable "Who's Who." So, as the French say, let us return to our mutt-tons, rather to our battle of July 15, 1918.

I betray no secret when I remark that the year 1918 began rather badly for the Allies, and continued (*Continued on page 56*)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

When We Celebrated the Real Armistice

By Wallgren



MAYNE REID: *Yankee Soldier*

by
Vincent Starrett

*Illustration by
V.E. Pyles*

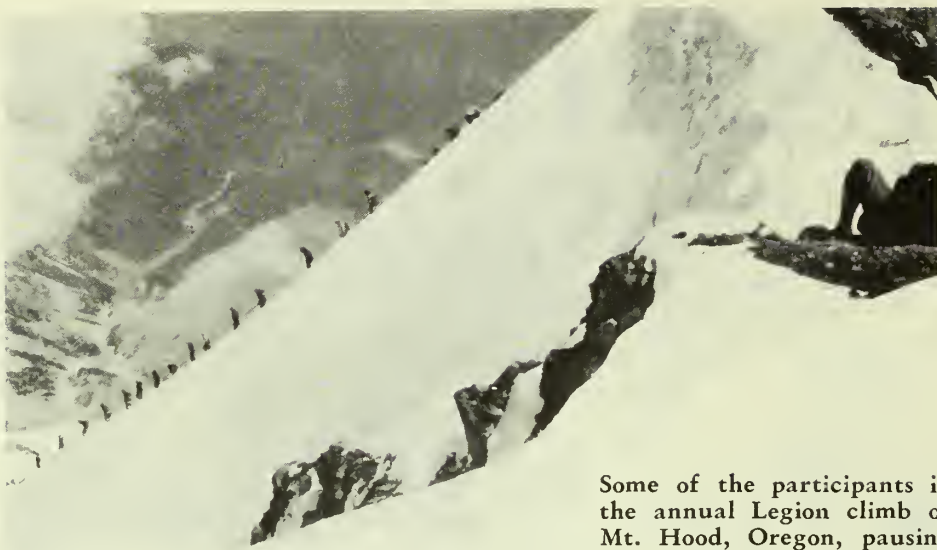
IN THE second hot week of September, 1847, the sweating artillery having sufficiently battered the walls of beleaguered Chapultepec, it was determined by the American commander to storm the castle. The first assault had been fixed for the morning of the 13th, and a forlorn hope of five hundred men had volunteered for the dangerous duty. In charge of the adventure was a captain of regular infantry, and a lieutenant of Pennsylvania Volunteers was his second in command. American skirmishers had driven in the enemy outposts and the way seemed clear for the storming party.

Half way up the slope, however, there was a halt. Something had impeded the forward movement. Later it developed that it was some trouble about the scaling ladders, but at the time those who had been left behind knew nothing of what had happened.

In command of the Grenadier Company of the Second New York Volunteers, that morning, and of a detachment of Marines acting with the forces as light infantry, was a young Irish-American, named Reid, a soldier of fortune and a notable fire-eater, later to be described by an American newspaper as "a mixture of Adonis and the Apollo Belvidere, with a dash of the Centaur." His duty was to guard the battery that had been built on the south-eastern side of the castle. This was about a thousand yards from and directly in front of the castle's main gate, through which for some time the shots of the American invaders had been crashing.

When it became apparent that something had halted the storming party, some anxiety was experienced by the battery officers, which in a little time gave way to active apprehension. To Reid, a man of imagination, it seemed certain that if Chapultepec were not taken, the city would not fall, and not a man of the besieging forces would leave the Valley of Mexico alive. On the 8th there had been an injudicious attempt made upon enemy intrenchments at Molino del Rey and a retreat had been ordered—the first of the campaign. In consequence of this, some demoralization existed among the troops, while the action had reversely affected (Continued on page 42)





Some of the participants in the annual Legion climb of Mt. Hood, Oregon, pausing during the descent

THIS U

By Claude

WITH the Legion's annual climb this year to the peak of Oregon's well known Mount Hood being hooked up with the first non-commercial outdoor national radio broadcast originating in the Pacific Northwest, Hood River Post has at last found a place in the sun. Inasmuch as the broadcast was directed to President Roosevelt and heard by an estimated 20,000,000 people another jewel has been added to the crown of the Legion's activities.

And while more than two months have passed since the program was broadcast, letters of comment continue to pour in from almost every State in the Union, Canada and several foreign countries commenting on its quality and complimenting the Legion post for its unique enterprise. The entire entertainment was given in the Legion's own camp, 6,000 feet above sea level and half way up the hoary headed old mountain with a background which only the Pacific Northwest can provide. Real Indians—war paint and all—boys from the several C.C.C. camps, visitors from a dozen States and more than a thousand Legionnaires and their friends gathered in the fading twilight and with a huge bonfire, a tumbling mountain creek, towering trees and the cold sphinx-like face of the white clad mountain to furnish natural color, the whole picture and its personality took on life which figuratively walked into every room where radio listeners were tuned in.

For twelve years the Hood River Post members have managed a climb to the peak of the mountain but this year a general lassitude developed and it looked as if there would be no climb. But just about the time the post had decided to cancel it, Joe Thomison, Hood River newspaper man and long active in Legion affairs, originated the idea of coupling with the climb a national broadcast with the President listening in to catch the thanks of the Pacific Northwest for his interest in the proposed development of the mighty Columbia River power project.

Then came the work of selling the idea to officials of the National Broadcasting Company and one of its local affiliates, KGW, to state and city officials and to the public, but all the links fastened themselves together as though a magic hand had touched them. Perhaps the program itself to the millions who heard it bore the semblance of just another radio entertainment and some of the sound effects may have been discounted as studio mechanisms, but everything was genuine even to the crackling of the bonfire, the roaring of the cascading mountain stream, the guttural voices of the Indians and the singing by 1200 people gathered around the microphones.

While the broadcast entertainment itself lasted only a half hour the entire Legion program continued well into the night, giving those who planned to make the hike up the mountain only a few hours' sleep before they started the tedious hike up to the top of the mountain which rises 11,225 feet into the air. But that made little difference to the climbers for 270 got to the top from all sides, one of the largest groups ever to climb the



Zigzagging over the steep snow fields the various strings keep pretty well together in the early part of the climb

mountain in a single day. They all said they had a grand time.

Among the Legionnaires are many members of the Crag Rats, an organization of mountain climbers, all of whom have climbed the mountain many times and qualified as professional guides. These men give their services free, the Legion furnishes necessary

SIDE P

M. Bristol

They go up the mountain
in strings of thirty or so
tied together at the waist
with a half-inch rope



ropes and other equipment. The climbers pay a small fee, which goes into the Legion's Mount Hood Climb fund—the money being used to keep the camp and climbing equipment in condition.

About half way up the northeastern side of the mountain is located the camp. It lies just below the summer snow line in a heavy forest of firs and mountain pines, within an area of three and one half acres, which has been granted by the national forestry department exclusively to the Legion for an indefinite period. To assure for themselves as much seclusion as possible, the Legion members selected a place on the far side of a turbulent mountain stream picturesquely known as Tilly Jane. With the stream at the bottom of a deep ravine, down and up which visitors must climb to get into the camp proper, there is adequate protection against strange automobiles ploughing uninvited across the outdoor beds. However, ample parking space has been provided on the far side of the camp and it was into this area that hundreds of automobiles and trucks poured early and late on Saturday afternoon, August 5th.

Swung across the stream and the ravine is several hundred feet of husky steel cable, by means of which an underslung baggage carrier operates to move bedding, food supplies, cooking utensils, rope, from one side to the other. And at the foot of the path leading up and down the sides of the ravine, two large logs have been thrown across the stream so that it may be easily crossed. At night the path and the whole Legion camp for that matter is lighted with home-made lights—old tin cans filled with kerosene and pieces of rope for wicks, and the whole camp policed with the snap of army days.



One corner of the camp contains the commissary department and mess kitchen. Several large outdoor fireplaces covered with sheet iron furnish the necessary cooking stoves, and the same old equipment mess kits we knew in the days of 1917-1919 are used for serving. (The pleasant thing about the use of these, however, is that you don't have to wash them. A regular detail looks after that.) The members of the Auxiliary, as enthusiastic as the Legion members themselves to make these climbs successful, donate their time and do the cooking, and incidentally many of them bake their own pies and cakes which are given to the cause. The food is served in cafeteria style—you get as much or as little as you wish—with a full table d'hôte dinner served for fifty cents. It is not an easy task for women accustomed to gas and electric stoves and modern kitchen equipment to cook out-of-doors, over stoves belching forth smoke and cinders, for several hundred hungry men and women, but the members of the Auxiliary have so organized their work that the meals run off like clockwork.

A few rods from the kitchen are the tables and benches to which one carries his own mess kit and eats his food. Beyond them are scrambled tents—even pup tents—sleeping bags and blankets. Here and there are snow banks just to remind those who have come from the sweltering heat of the valleys far below what winter can be when she comes.

Below this camp and at right angles to Tilly Jane, with the old man of the mountain peering directly down, is a large dell forming a natural amphitheater. It was here that the stage was set for the great radio program. Under the edge of the hill a huge bonfire of logs three and four feet in diameter was started, which in the dusk of the summer's night, as the fire got going, sent long, grotesque shadows among the tall trees into every part of the

camp. In the center of the amphitheater were set up the various bits of radio equipment. As there are no electric power or telephone lines that far up the side of the mountain it was necessary to pack heavy storage batteries to the scene as well as to extend the single steel telephone line of the forestry service. It is interesting to note that this is the first time that an outdoor national broadcast was ever given by (Continued on page 44)

Tired climbers nearing the top of the mountain, 11,225 feet up. One of the largest crowds ever to try the ascent scrambled to the crest in this year's Legion climb

AN AUXILIARY UNIT TAKES ADVANTAGE OF THE
DEPRESSION TO PROMOTE THE EATING OF

SPINACH 'n Everything



IN ANCIENT Sparta a baby never had to take cod liver oil or eat spinach. If the stork delivered to a Spartan home a scrawny boy, he wouldn't stay long enough to reveal how he'd like his eggs fixed for breakfast. Soon after birth every child was brought before the elders, who determined judicially whether he was worth keeping. If he was defective or weakly, he would be "exposed." From inhumanity and barbarity, society marched on through the centuries to the heights of today, attaining the peak of peaks when mother began battling with Junior to eat spinach and other things which are good for him.

Christopher Columbus didn't discover America because his mother always had insisted that he eat his spinach. It is recorded that spinach didn't invade Europe until after Columbus had grown up. The Persians are blamed for originating the vegetable. Be that as it may, it is here to stay and there is nothing that can be done about it apparently. It doesn't have the affectionate hold on appetites which the tomato has won. When the Spaniards first carried tomatoes to Europe from South America they called them "love apples"—a propaganda term probably. All you can say for spinach is that it has lots of iron in it. And when you say that you haven't said the half of it. The early Romans had an idea that parsnips were poisonous. They haven't been given full credit. The ancestor of the carrot was a weed. You can say lots worse things also about this vegetable.

Getting back to what we started out to say, civilization's

The American Legion Auxiliary unit of Mankato, Minnesota, helped lift its town out of the depression by conducting this cookery school in which those who prepared model meals carried them home to their families. On opposite page, a glance into the kindergarten in which children were cared for while their mothers attended the cooking lessons

progress is perhaps recorded in the progressive triumphs in cookery by which such things as spinach, parsnips and carrots have been placed on everyday dinner tables. And if this is so, The American Legion Auxiliary unit in Mankato, Minnesota, is to be honored. It has carried out successfully and wholly admirably a community experiment under which common foods are cooked and served so well that they seem to be delicacies. The Mankato unit has done this, moreover, as a part of a course in domestic science and home economics which has lightened cares in scores of households in its community.

Spinach, parsnips and carrots are wholly incidental in the Mankato accomplishment. Because of the success of the experiment, families have enjoyed during the troublesome period of the depression a wide variety of foods, served in new ways and provided at a minimum of cost. There are such things as meat loaf with rice, scalloped potatoes with cheese, pork and beans,

meat stews, spaghetti and tomatoes, to mention only a few.

The Mankato unit has taught those who attended its cooking school to provide a liberal ration containing all the food essentials at a cost of not more than two cents a person. Dr. Helen Hughes Hielscher, former President of the Minnesota Department and former chairman of the Auxiliary's National Rehabilitation Committee, sends the details of the Mankato experiment in the belief that units everywhere may be able to benefit from them.

The Mankato project was born of the depression. It proceeded from the fact that many women were confronted with terribly difficult problems in providing food for their families at a time when family income had shrunk to the vanishing point.

Many units have established domestic science schools, but the Mankato unit was apparently the first to establish such a school as a most practical means of relief during hard times. In the Mankato school, the teachers are regular graduates in domestic science and home economics. The students are enrolled and attend classes from 1:30 to 4:30 five afternoons a week. The school is held in the domestic science laboratories of the town's high school.

Each day the lesson is the preparation of a meal containing the proper proportions of food essential to health. The women students learn by doing. The class has, as it starts each daily session, a supply of food sufficient to prepare meals for the families of all those who are enrolled. Under the instruction of the teachers, the students prepare each day's menu and carry the completed meals home to their children.

Meats and vegetables are prepared in many ways to give variety to home tables, and there are other items of diet which are included, such as cooked cereal for breakfasts, and milk of good quality, supplied with the help of dairy companies.

Originally, it was intended to confine the course wholly to the preparation of food. It was discovered, however, that there would be a waiting period while food was cooking. To fill in this period, a sewing class was added. Many useful articles are made for both mothers and children.

Early in the course, the problem of the care of children during the absence of mothers from their homes was encountered. This problem was solved by adding a day nursery or kindergarten. A young lady, daughter of the Chief Justice of the State, volunteered to entertain the little children during school hours.

"We have on our list 160 persons, most of them children, who are provided with a good warm meal every afternoon and a wholesome breakfast," writes Dr. Hielscher. "The task would

have been beyond the capacity of the Auxiliary unit were it not for the generous help of the citizens of Mankato. We were fortunate also in obtaining the free use of the domestic science room in the school building. It was not in use because of the shortage of school funds occasioned by the depression. The school board also furnished gas and water without charge. In addition to the domestic science room, we have a special room for the sewing class and another one for the kindergarten.

"Individual citizens and the Red Cross have contributed many things needed for the sewing class. One woman gave enough material to enable each member of the class to make a smock. The Community Chest, the Woman's Relief Corps, the D. A. R. and the Forty and Eight have all helped. But our greatest assistance has come from the teachers, Miss Margaret Otto and Miss Mildred Adams, who are giving their services practically without compensation, and Miss Phyllis Wilson, who volunteered for the kindergarten."



"What You Spik?"

THIS was the question the adjutant of Rialto Post in San Francisco asked just a year ago when he sent out a bulletin to the outfit's members which brought by return mail a basketful of checks and paper money. The bulletin said:

"Sprechen sie Deutsch? Parlez vous Français? Hablo Español? What the hell lingo do you use? We have sent out bills for dues printed in plain unadulterated English, and out of sixty-one sent out we received one check. Do you think the Reconstruction Finance Corporation is going to pay our bills. You know we

only have two Democrats. so how do you expect us to get anything? Come thru!"

Friends and Neighbors

ON A Saturday night the fire whistle sounded in Neffsville, Pennsylvania, just after the curtain had gone up for the first act of the annual play of Manheim Township Post. Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Evans and their children left their seats and helplessly watched volunteer firemen strive to check the flames which completely destroyed their home.

"The next morning," writes Legionnaire Carl S. Swarr, "one of our members, Graybill Huber, notified the post he would give to the Evans family one of his houses which happened to be empty. For two days Legionnaires canvassed the surrounding township for furniture and other household equipment. The Auxiliary unit cleaned the house from top to bottom and placed in order all the furniture and other things which had been acquired. By Monday night the Evanses were comfortably quartered in their new home."

The Forgotten Man

THE full-grown circus which Port Chester (New York) Post imported in July for the edification of its community and the enlargement of the post treasury proved to be a circus like the Arabs of the poem. It softly folded its tents and as softly stole away, upon the approach of sundry bill collectors, and the post awoke one





Four days at the Chicago World's Fair and motor bus transportation to and from Chicago cost these Boy Scouts of Shreveport only \$20 each

morning to find that it had only a sideshow. The sideshow was "The Forgotten Man."

The "forgotten man" was Charles Fretz, sideshow performer, who had been lowered into a six-foot grave the first night of the circus after vowing to break the world's record for coffin-lying. A tube gave him communication with the world above. When the circus departed hurriedly, there hadn't been time to dig him up.

Fretz pleaded through his tube to be allowed to remain in his coffin until eighteen days had passed and the world's record should be his. Post Commander Cornelius Falch compromised. Mr. Fretz could stay in his coffin until the hour the circus permit expired. That would be six days. When the time was up, a crowd of 3,000 watched the exhumation. It took forty-five minutes to exhume Mr. Fretz. Then the post declined to accept any share of the gate receipts and Mr. Fretz departed to try elsewhere to break the coffin-lying record.

Chicago and Back

TWENTY-EIGHT boys of the Boy Scout troop of Lowe-McFarlane Post of Shreveport, Louisiana, will not be boys much longer. Now they are wearing knickers, blue scarves and the troop's own peaked caps in the style of the Forty and Eight, but in a few years they will be stepping out in long trousers and the other habiliments of post-adolescence. Then, as old soldiers of Scoutdom, they may take stock of memories. One thing they won't forget is the motor trip they made to the World's Fair in Chicago during the first two weeks of this last August.

That was a trip! It took eleven pages of typewriting to describe it when Legionnaire Louis Seibert, Scoutmaster, Legionnaire J. R. Hymes, chairman of the post's scout committee, and Legionnaire Gladden Harrison, historian and chef of the expedition, reported to Post Commander Leonard J. Daniels and the rest of the post upon their return.

Each of the Shreveport boys earned in advance the \$20 which it took to pay his share of the trip expenses. The trip was made in a large school bus, chartered at nominal cost. An automobile company provided a car to be used as an advance car, so that at each stop the tourists found everything set for their arrival. Advance

arrangements had been made for food supplies at certain stops.

The start was made on August 1st. High spots of the going trip were the first night's stop at Little Rock, Arkansas, where M. M. Eberts Post provided a camp site and a good swim in its municipally-operated swimming pool; Poplar Bluff, Missouri, where Poplar Bluff Legionnaires arranged camping quarters in the grounds of the municipal water station and introduced the tourists to another swimming pool; St. Louis, in which a delegation of Legionnaires from three posts conducted the boys on a sight-seeing tour of the city; and Joliet, Illinois, where Legionnaires of Harwood Post provided a motorcycle escort to the Scout reservation and then welcomed the guests at a district scout court accompanied by the presentation of awards.

On August 4th the Scouts reached the southern border of Chicago. They were met by Edwin Nelson, First Vice Commander of Chicago Police Post, who had been named chairman of the special committee for their entertainment. In the eyes of the Shreveport Scout troop, Mr. Nelson is a greater soldier than General Pershing. They will make him mayor if he ever moves to Shreveport. He guided them to quarters in a National Guard Armory, where they were wonderfully comfortable for the five days of their stay, and he acted as guide and friend continuously.

The big moment in Chicago came the day after their arrival. That day happened to be American Legion day at the World's Fair. With scores of Legion bands and drum corps,

the Shreveport Scouts marched in the parade which wound up with ceremonies in Soldier Field. The Scouts saw the World's Fair up and down and all around. They visited the fair time after time, and saw the rest of Chicago in odd moments. Outstanding was a tour of the stockyards.

The outfit left Chicago on August 9th. Five miles out of Indianapolis it was met by an entertainment committee representing Bell Telephone Post, Memorial Post and Bruce Robinson Post. After making camp the tourists were taken to a country club swimming pool and, later, to a night baseball game. On the following day they saw all Indianapolis, including the World War Memorial Plaza, and were welcomed by National Commander Louis Johnson in the Legion's National Headquarters Building. Next came stops at Mammoth Cave, Kentucky, and at Memphis,



Tennessee, where Legionnaires showed the boys their town. Parents, waiting to welcome them when the boys arrived at the troop's cabin in Shreveport late on the night of August 13th, noted that each boy carried at least forty-two souvenirs. Twenty-eight mothers personally offered thanks and sympathy to Gladden Harrison, expedition chef as well as historian.

Armistice Day Guests

ARMISTICE DAY is not observed perfunctorily in Faribault, Minnesota. On that day Faribault Post of The American Legion is proud to honor at a noon banquet the surviving Civil War veterans of its town and Faribault's Gold Star Mothers.

"We happen to have ten living members of Michael Cook Post of the G. A. R. and twenty-five mothers of deceased World War soldiers," writes Past Commander M. J. Hintsala. "Our banquet for them has been given annually since 1924, when we extended invitations in connection with the dedication of our new post building. Before 1924 the post met in the quarters of the G. A. R. When we got our own quarters the G. A. R. accepted our invitation to consider our new home their own. The post observes Armistice Day in another way. For nine years we have provided Armistice Day speakers in all public and parochial schools."

Faribault Post offers other posts another idea which has worked famously for itself. At the beginning of each year it holds a meeting in honor of all the post's past commanders. These former leaders have entire charge of the program. The custom insures active work by past commanders throughout the year.

This meeting is always looked forward to by all the members of the post, and it provides momentum for the new year.

Where Winter Is Winter

KING Winter doesn't wear B. V. D.'s when he rides through Minnesota in January. He travels in furs and heavy woollens, scatters deep snow over the wooded hills and seals up every lake and pond with ice thick enough to serve as foundations for skyscrapers. This is the season when Lawrence Wenell Post of Minneapolis puts on its best shows of the year—when it sends

into Minnesota championship skating contests its celebrated Powderhorn Club, composed of several score boy speed skaters, all garbed in costumes of bright red and green, all trained to razor-edge zip and go by the post's own coaches.

Last winter was a great one for the post's boy skaters, reports Past Post Commander M. R. Kromer, citing the facts that it won most of the major honors in the 10,000 Lakes Skating Championship in its home city and the State Championship Meet held at Faribault. Its star, Marvin Swanson, figured prominently in the National Indoor Championship Meet held in Chicago last February.

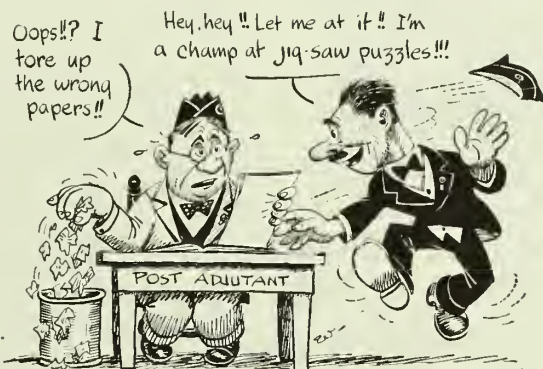
Lawrence Wenell Post formed the Powderhorn Skating Club to help the youngsters of its community and to bring back into popular interest the sport of speed skating which had been permitted to lapse into a hit or miss recreation. Powderhorn Island, where the post has set off fireworks on Fourth of July for several years, is the center of its skating speedway, and the lake in which the island stands is located in a park which is a natural amphitheater. Twenty thousand persons saw the 10,000 Lakes Championship, braving wind and cold for hours.

"On the island the post has erected illuminated Christmas trees for the past four seasons," writes Past Commander Kromer. "Each tree, therefore, has had an ideal setting, as the center of the skating rink. The first year we were active in winter sports at the park, the attendance jumped to 173,000 as compared with 88,000 in the preceding year."

Post Phonograph

THERE is music in the air, all right, on the night when West of Twin Peaks Post of San Francisco, California, installs its post officers for the new year. Howard D. King, post vice commander, recently reported to Department Adjutant James K. Fisk that his outfit conducts its installation as impressively as a regimental review and with musical accompaniments as appropriate as any that could be provided by a first rate band or orchestra. For these the post uses phonograph records and a loud speaker system.

"As the meeting opens," writes Mr. King, "the phonograph gives a bugle call, 'To the Colors.' Immediately after the colors are placed, a band plays one verse of (Continued on page 64)



Powderhorn Skating Team of Lawrence Wenell Post of Minneapolis, Minnesota, captured 1933 major honors in Twin-City and state championship matches and is proud of its own skating speedway in Powderhorn Park

The 11th hour day month

U. S. ARMY FIELD MESSAGE						
TIME FILED	NO.	SENT BY	TIME	RECEIVED BY	TIME	CHECK
THESE SPACES FOR SIGNAL OPERATORS ONLY						
From <u>Greene</u>						
At <u>41.2 - 66.7</u>						
Date <u>11-11-18</u> Hour <u>11 hours</u> No. <u>1</u> HOW SENT <u>Runner</u>						
To <u>Allen</u>						
<p>Copy of order signed "Halstead" "Hostilities will cease on whole front at eleven hours this morning. Troops will not pass the line attained at that hour. Outguards will be established at that hour and no intercourse with the enemy allowed. The line attained will be carefully marked. Enemy soldiers may be received as prisoners. Further orders later. No communications with enemy will be permitted either before or after hostilities have ceased."</p> <p>For strict compliance Greene</p>						

WE HAVE always contended that the most important communications—official or otherwise—received by soldiers at any time during the war were the letters from the folks back home. We still feel that way. Training orders, battle orders, travel orders, relief orders, while they affected the very life and happiness of the men, all came along in the course of the work in hand and were accepted impersonally as part of the job.

Just a step behind the homefolks' letters must be classed a message which was sped by wireless, telegraph, field telephone and runners during a certain morning in the late fall of 1918. That message announced victory for our troops and our Allies and defeat for the enemy. It meant the end of wallowing in dirt and of ducking shells—and yet, when it came we recall it was accepted a great deal more calmly than we had expected. More sober comments than cheers. Just a feeling of relief and a chance to let down.

Legionnaire R. T. Allen of Kinston, North Carolina, treasures as his greatest souvenir of the war the original field message which a runner brought to his platoon when it was advancing on the morning of Armistice Day and he permits us to show the message. We wonder how many of the men who were in action when Taps was sounded for the World War, treasure similar messages. Here is Allen's story:

"As first lieutenant, Company D, 321st Infantry, 81st Division,

I received the Army Field Message I am enclosing, at 10:58 A. M. on the 11th day of November, 1918, while advancing with my platoon in the Meuse-Argonne Offensive. We had heard nothing about the Armistice up to that time. Men of our regiment were half way through the wire, only a few yards in front of trench de la Girafe which was manned by the Third Grenadier Regiment of the Fifth Guard Division of the German army. This enemy division had no reserves and in a few minutes the 321st Infantry would have taken the trench.

"The only way I can account for the fact that I received the message two minutes before the time shown in the message itself is that my company commander, Captain Winthrop S. Greene, was stationed about five hundred yards in the rear of my platoon and dated it at eleven o'clock with the idea that the runner would probably reach me at that hour. The Halstead referred to



in the message was our regimental commander, Colonel Frank Halstead. We had started an advance at 6 A. M. on the morning of November 11th and were before the main defenses of the village of Hautecourt when hostilities ceased.

"Our company was designated for outpost duty on the line attained by the regiment on the 11th and we remained at the front several days after the Armistice. On the night of the Armistice one could trace the German trenches for miles in every direction by the signal flares which they were shooting in celebration of the end of the war."

SINCE messages which reached the front lines were necessarily condensed, let us all have a look at the official message announcing the Armistice as it went forth from G. H. Q. and compare it with the message Allen received:

1. You are informed that hostilities will cease along the whole front at 11 o'clock A. M., November 11, 1918, Paris time.

2. No Allied troops will pass the line reached by them at that hour in date until further orders.

3. Division commanders will immediately sketch the location of their line. This sketch will be returned to headquarters by the courier bearing these orders.

4. All communication with the enemy, both before and after the termination of hostilities, is absolutely forbidden. In case of violation of this order severest disciplinary measures will be immediately taken. Any officer offending will be sent to headquarters under guard.

5. Every emphasis will be laid on the fact that the arrangement is an armistice only and not a peace.

6. There must not be the slightest relaxation of vigilance. Troops must be prepared at any moment for further operations.

7. Special steps will be taken by all commanders to insure strictest discipline and that all troops be held in readiness fully prepared for any eventuality.

8. Division and brigade commanders will personally communicate these orders to all organizations.

A search through many books in our library fails to disclose the General Order number which this message bore. No doubt some one of our gang will be able to give it to us.

NOT even the Commander-in-Chief of the A. E. F., later General of the Armies of the United States, could escape the attack of the camera hounds, notwithstanding the orders barring the use of cameras by the rank and file. Just two days before we are writing this, our old C.-in-C. celebrated his seventy-third birthday. That day, September 13th, marked not only his birth anniversary but also the fifteenth anniversary of the second day of the St. Mihiel Offensive, which successful, first, all-American drive the General no doubt considers the best birthday present he ever received.

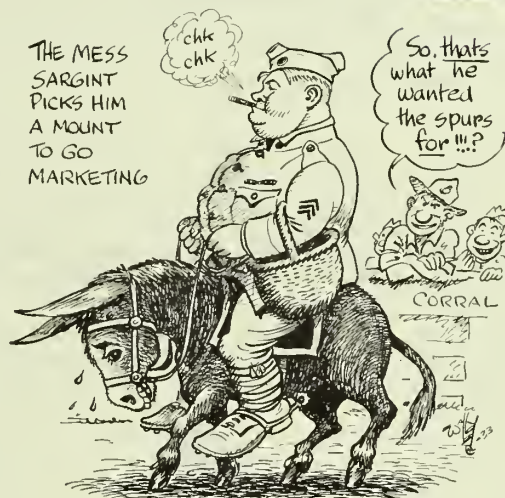
The unofficial snapshot of the General which we show came to us from Legionnaire Thomas R. Davies of Manly, Iowa, and this is what he has to say about it:

"In going through my war bag the other night, I ran across the enclosed snap that might prove interesting for its informality. It was taken in LeMans, France, about May 17, 1919, and I would like to learn who had gall enough to slip up that close to General Pershing. Few of us got that close to him. Also, who is the woman to whom he is talking?

"Our whole gang, Company B, First Engineers, First Division, was bugs about cameras. Every man, after the Armistice, had at least one, mostly of German make, and I reckon all are still in service. Mine is. We used them on the slightest provocation



The Commander-in-Chief is caught informally by an unofficial photographer in LeMans, France, May, 1919. Who are the others in the snapshot?



and rushed in where angels feared to tread. The snapshot of the General looks like the work of R. E. Andrews, a favorite son of Calpella, California. I didn't have such good luck on that occasion.

"Incidentally, I was lucky enough to be attached to the famous show troupe, 'Die Wacht am Rhein,' which was written and produced by the First Engineers and perhaps traveled more miles and was seen by more soldiers than any other soldier show. It went into rehearsal at Coblenz, February 9, 1919, under the direction of Dorothy Donnelly and Patricia Henshaw, and opened at Wirges, regimental headquarters, February 16th. It went on the road under Lieutenant Harris of Company A,

and later Lieutenant Jordan of Company B took charge and stayed with it until it broke up at Montabaur, June 12th. We started with fifty-five men and ended with thirty-five. There were plenty of other shows, but as far as I know only three which left the Rhine Valley and went back into the S. O. S. on entertainment duty.

"The show was rough and tumble burlesque, full of snappy music, broad comedy, sixteen piece orchestra, complete costumes and props, and a swell chorus of 'girls.' The 'girls' were so realistic that a dumb field clerk at St. Nazaire almost got cleaned up for trying to date one of them—yeh, realistic, all but the feet and you couldn't camouflage a First Division man's feet! We played everything from the local Gasthauses to the largest theaters in Germany and France. At the Belgian camp near LeMans, we played to fifteen thousand men and a dozen or so generals, etc. In Trier we were billeted in the poorhouse, with insane patients in another section of the building, and in Wittlich we each had a nice cell in the big prison there.

"We were in Brest when we were recalled to the Occupied Area to 'stand to' just before peace was signed. The show broke up shortly afterward and we all went back to straight duty with a flock of fine memories of weird experiences while barn-storming through the A. E. F. I would like to hear from some of the old gang, particularly Lieutenant Jordan who, the last we heard of him, was on his way to Tours to marry a mademoiselle he had met there. Are there any young Franco-American Jordans?



American gobs participate in a celebration staged in Kirkwall, Scotland, base of the Mine-Sweeping Forces, during the summer of 1919. Does any veteran of that outfit recall the occasion?

"I've stopped reminiscing around home, as my Ananias reputation doesn't fit well with my school-teaching job here in Iowa."

IF, AS is generally accepted by soldiers, machine-gun outfits were the "suicide squads" of the Army, the same appellation might be given to submarine and mine-laying and mine-sweeping crews in the Navy. The "Mine Barrage" which was laid across the North Sea from near the North Orkneys, north of Scotland, to Udsire Light, near Bergen, Norway, helped to bottle enemy submarines and prevent their operations against Allied ships. The placing of the 70,263 mines by a specially organized Mine Squadron of American and British ships, which operated as a part of the Grand Fleet, and based on Inverness and Invergordon, Scotland, was a huge task, but after the fighting, there was the equally huge job of "sweeping" these mines from the North Sea.

An American force of twenty-four mine-sweepers, twenty-four sub-chasers, two tugs, two tenders and twenty British trawlers, manned by our Navy, proceeded with this work, which was completed by September 30, 1919. Yet, dangerous as this work was, there were but five deaths in the force of 4,000 men which laid the mines, and two officers and nine men lost their lives in the sweeping operations.

W. N. Adams, Legionnaire of 345 Grandview Avenue, Pitman, New Jersey, served with the Mine-Sweeping Forces and submits the picture shown on this page. He reports it was taken in Kirkwall, Scotland, the Mine-Sweeping Forces' base, sometime between May and September, 1919, but he does not recall what the celebration was. Can some other veteran of that service enlighten him and us? Adams spins this yarn:

"After training at Newport, Rhode Island and brief service on the *Louisiana*, I sailed for France in August, 1917, on the U. S. S. *Douglas*, a unit of Admiral Magruder's famous mine-sweeping outfit. Arrived in Brest, did several tours of the English channel and finally based at Lorient, France. We did mine-sweeping of enemy mines and patrol work between Brest and St. Nazaire until about March, 1919. Started home from Brest, April 27, 1919. Got fifty miles out and our ship sank in a storm. Were taken back to Brest and from there I was transferred to the *Panther*, on which ship I was a quarter-

master, 3d class, when we put in at Kirkwall, where the enclosed picture was taken.

"I would like to get copies of six pictures that were taken by a survivor of the U. S. S. *Courtney* showing that vessel in different stages of her sinking off Brest, April 27, 1919. I was aboard the *Douglas* at the time, so he will understand my interest."

NONE of our reference books made mention of the sinking of these two ships, but through the co-operation of Lieutenant A. P. Lawton, of the Office of Naval Records and Library, Navy Department, in Washington, we are able to give the following report:

"These Mine-Sweepers, officially known as the *Otis M. Douglas* and *Warren J. Courtney*—referred to for short as the *Douglas* and *Courtney*—arrived at Brest, France in September, 1917. They soon after became part of Squadron Four, Patrol Force, based on Lorient. Captain T. P. Magruder, U. S. N., was in command of the base. . . .

"On April 27, 1919, the *Courtney* and the *Douglas* in company with a number of other vessels, sailed from Brest, France, for the United States. There was no indication at the time of their departure of unfavorable weather. However, in the afternoon a heavy wind from the northwest began to blow and the sea became very choppy. At 2:22 P. M., a signal was made by the escort commander to the convoy to return (Continued on page 59)



Post Commander Fallstrom, Dixon, Illinois, found this flag in Belleau Wood in 1918, and returned it to its outfit in June last

MARSE HENRY

*By The
Old Timer*

WHEN Henry L. Stevens, Jr., left the Army he finished his schooling at the University of North Carolina and at Harvard Law School and then was admitted to the bar at the court house in Kenansville, the county seat of Duplin County, which is eight miles from Warsaw where Henry was born and where he still resides. And where, for that matter, the Stevens family has resided since the days when North Carolina was a province of the British Crown.

In a few years Henry allowed himself to be a tolerably good lawyer, nor was he alone in that opinion, in corroboration of which assertion I shall detain you for a moment with a story.

First degree burglary is a crime punishable by death in North Carolina, as is horse-stealing in certain Western States, though it has been a long time since anyone has been legally executed for either offense. One Sam, a colored man, had been arraigned for first degree burglary and the Court entered a plea of not guilty, that being the compulsory statutory plea in crimes involving capital punishment. The Court told the prisoner that he was entitled to a lawyer to defend him and that the Court would assign him counsel. Sam was a bright little Negro, about thirty years old, and he asked the Judge if he could pick his own attorney. The Judge granted the request.

It was a busy day at the county seat and some twenty attorneys were in court. The Judge asked them to stand so Sam could look them over. Henry Stevens had been in the court room a few moments before but just now he was in the Clerk's office downstairs. The little Negro passed down the line of lawyers which included two or three of the leading lights of North Carolina's bar. He scrutinized each one, bending over with both hands on his knees, studying the figures before him from head to foot. After a painstaking appraisal of the last lawyer in the room the defendant looked up toward the bench and scratched his head in dismay.

"What's the matter, Sam," asked the Court, "can't you find a lawyer that suits you? You've seen about all we have, excepting Mr. Stevens who has just stepped out of the room."

The face of the accused brightened.

"Please, Mr. Judge," said he, "I believe I'll jest take dat lawyah I ain't seed."

One hears, particularly in the cities, in this age of specialization that so-and-so is a criminal lawyer, a civil lawyer, a patent lawyer, a corporation lawyer, a jury lawyer and so on. Now Henry Stevens is just a lawyer, a country lawyer, which means that he argues the causes of paupers and millionaires—one day in a criminal suit, next day in a civil one, one day a case involving the law of corporations, next day torts, next day contracts, and so on covering the entire field of law during one session of the court. It is from this field of general practitioners that, almost without exception, the great legal minds of the country have come. Before he left home in 1931 to become National Commander of The American Legion, his experience was rounded out by a term on the county bench.

When the crowded year as Commander was at an end someone asked Henry where he was going to rest and enjoy himself.

"Where am I going to enjoy myself?" he asked in amazement. "I am going to stage A Return to the Court House." *(Continued on page 63)*

Back among the home folks, Henry L. Stevens, Jr., is again practising law, as he did before his term as National Commander of The American Legion in 1932



All Over the Map

(Continued from page 21)

not uncommon—anything, everything, just so the Commander and his party of one reached a given point at a given time.

Touring the country in a leisurely fashion is one thing and rushing about from place to place is yet another. The only satisfaction one can have after following the latter plan is that more territory is covered. It is not to be recommended to tourist agencies, though the railroads and air-transport lines may favor the travel plan that provides a two-hour stop-over at principal cities and national parks. Covering the hundred and some thousand miles in the United States and Canada has given me some definite ideas on the subject.

OF THE grand total of mileage run up during the year, more than sixty-seven thousand miles was made by train; fifteen thousand eight hundred and twenty-four miles by air; sixteen thousand six hundred and fifty-two miles by automobile, and only about three hundred miles by boat. Train travel included almost every line of importance in America, on good trains and bad, fast trains and slow. Entire States were covered by automobile, but always in a hurry and usually at night.

Boat travel was confined to short trips on the San Joaquin and Sacramento Rivers in California; on the Willamette and Columbia Rivers in Oregon; on a train ferry crossing Lake Michigan from Milwaukee to Muskegon, and much ferrying about in New York Harbor and San Francisco Bay. Boat travel has its charm and its soothing restfulness, but when traveling with Louis Johnson on a tour of the States that means of transportation didn't seem to fit in.

The travel by plane was done in private ships, army planes, and in ships of the regular transport lines, and included nearly all makes and kinds. All put together, the air travel consumed one hundred and forty and one-quarter hours' actual flying time—nearly six full days of twenty-four hours each.

The record mileage for a single week was made July 8th to 14th, when the old speedometer recorded an even five thousand five hundred and six miles of actual travel from point to point. During that week there was only time for traveling and speech-making, little time for sleeping or taking meals at regular intervals, and no time at all for rest. The trip was begun from Clarksburg, the home of the Commander, on the 8th, by train to Williston, North Dakota, by way of Chicago. A few hours' sleep at Williston, an address before the North Dakota Department Convention, then away by the air routes to Jackson, Mississippi, by way of Bismarck, Minneapolis, Chicago, and St. Louis, then by auto from Jackson to Meridian, a little more sleep, a speech to the Mississippi Convention, then to the road again, back to Jackson by auto,

then by plane to Atlanta, Georgia, arriving just in time to catch a train to Washington, D. C., and on to Clarksburg, making the grand circuit in just one week.

This seems to be a good place to divulge a deep, dark secret—something of interest to Department Commanders and Adjutants who were insistent upon engagements at a certain place at a certain date. It is just this: Means of transportation was always checked to and from the place before a definite engagement was made. Sometimes, after the engagement had been made, all this checking went for naught because of unforeseen circumstances. On such occasions there was much bustling about until other means was found to get to the next port of call. Some of these incidents were high-lights of the year, but in each case a plane or automobile was found capable of making the trip and getting through on time.

One of the first miscarriages of travel plans occurred in December while on a trip through Oklahoma and Texas. The weather was extremely bad; snow, sleet and ice made the going tough, especially as most of the itinerary had been scheduled by automobile. The Oklahoma engagements had been completed on time, finishing up at Durant, a short distance from the Texas border. An unscheduled breakfast meeting had been arranged at Sherman, Texas, and to reach that place meant night travel through rain and sleet that sheeted the roads with ice.

THE Texas delegation was insistent. Bob Whiteaker promised flowers and sunshine, even the hibiscus in December, just over the line in Texas. The Commander capitulated and the caravan, composed of two cars, moved out of Durant, driving slowly and cautiously, noses up eagerly sniffing for the perfumed zephyrs that might be wafted by wintry winds from the land of flowers. Ice froze on the windshield; the automatic wipers were ineffective—Carl Nesbitt stood out on the running board of the car carrying the Commander scraping the ice away with a safety razor blade while Doc Dickens piloted the car. This continued until the Texas line was reached, when Bob Whiteaker's car bumped the car carrying Nesbitt and the Commander with such force that they were knocked forty feet over into Texas. They found no flowers, but Sherman was reached barely in time for the breakfast.

The bad weather continued, and as the party progressed further south the ice and sleet gave way to heavy rains. After completing a luncheon meeting at Nacogdoches, with an evening meeting scheduled at Beaumont, it was found that the road on the shorter route to Beaumont was impassable because of high water. There was nothing to do but take the longer route by

way of Houston, two hundred and fifteen miles over roads that, in many places, were not too good in dry weather. The start was made at three o'clock in a downpour of rain. After a few miles had been covered, Miller Ainsworth decided the driver was not getting all the speed out of the car that it was capable of. He took the wheel and put the old wagon through its tricks, making the run of two hundred and fifteen miles in a flat two hundred and thirty-eight minutes—just two minutes short of four hours—on bad roads, in the rain, and through town and city traffic. Beaumont was reached just a little late for the banquet but in good time for the evening meeting. As I look back over the forced marches made during the year I think of Miller Ainsworth and the trip from Nacogdoches to Beaumont.

IT IS comparable with that rainy Sunday afternoon when, in company with Warren Atherton and Jimmy Fisk, we labored over muddy roads from Fresno, California, to the Mariposa National Forest in the High Sierras, or the drive across the desert from Barstow, California, to Las Vegas and Boulder City, Nevada, at that rare time when the desert flowers were in bloom, and a mirage—a cool, inviting, tree bordered lake—beckoned us on and on. Like the shattering of the dreams of youth or the disillusionment of middle age, we were suddenly brought back to a realization of the desert when an automobile plowed down through the middle of the mirrored lake, kicking up a cloud of dust.

Accidents and breakdowns were remarkably few and far between. The most serious was a complete side-wise somersault made by a car carrying the Commander, Sperry Packard and Joe Hanneman near Greeley, Colorado. The car sheared off a few fence posts while doing its turn and was almost completely demolished. The occupants suffered only minor bruises and injuries. Two hours after the accident Commander Johnson was on the stage in a Greeley theater, ready to deliver his address to a packed house.

On the same night Tom O'Hara and a group of Wyoming Legionnaires met the Commander at Greeley to escort him to Cheyenne for an early morning review of the troops at Fort Warren. Nothing daunted by the accident of the evening, the party fared forth late at night, a light rain falling, but with good roads and every promise of a quick and easy trip to Cheyenne. Near the Colorado-Wyoming line a blizzard swept down, one of those old he blizzards that make you long for home and fireside. Driving in the face of it was impossible; cars went off the road—there was nothing to do but turn tail to the storm and return to Greeley for the night. The storm passed by morning, leaving the broad

plains glistening and scintillating like a great mantle studded with the finest cut diamonds. Again the journey to Cheyenne was taken up. The Fort was reached before the hour fixed for the review; General Frank Cocheau and Colonel Andy Daugherty had cleared away a place for the reviewing officers, and the troops passed by wading through snow almost knee deep.

Automobile travel has its advantages and its disadvantages, but as a means of getting from hither to yon in a pinch it is not to be compared with the good old ship of the air. There were forced marches by plane, if one may be permitted such a figure of speech; good flights and bumpy ones, but none that resulted in more than temporary discomfort. One flight from Montreal, Canada, to Concord, New Hampshire, last February is outstanding when, in a Junker plane with Captain Herve St. Martin at the stick, difficulties presented by the weather man and the railroad companies were overcome.

A big international meeting was being held in Montreal, with Commander Johnson as one of the principal speakers. The railroad schedules had been checked at the time the engagement was made and note made of a train leaving the city at midnight which would allow ample time to meet with a joint session of the New Hampshire Legislature at eleven o'clock the next morning. Upon arriving in Montreal it was found that this train had been taken off—the last night train departed at nine o'clock—just at that hour the Commander was scheduled to speak at the banquet over an international radio network. Captain St. Martin was appealed to and consented to fly the party to Concord, but he had skis on his plane. Concord reported lovely weather and no indication of rain or snow. So the skis were taken off and wheel landing gear substituted.

During the night the weather at Montreal turned bitterly cold and when the take-off was made at eight o'clock in the morning the thermometer read twenty-two degrees below zero. An extra overcoat was borrowed from Julius Cohen—borrowed from him for two reasons: First, he had an extra coat, and second, the coat was large enough to wear over the light coat I had worn into Canada. The Commander could not find an extra overcoat large enough; he borrowed a fur cap and a blanket from Julius and we started out on the high adventure.

In making the changes on the plane something went hay-wire with the heating apparatus and the only protection offered from the cold was that the cabin served as a wind-break. Captain St. Martin climbed to a high altitude in order to clear the mountain ranges and to take advantage of a sweeping tail-wind. The flight to Concord was made in just one hour and thirty-five minutes, so that we arrived a full hour before the plane was expected. We were dragged out, frozen almost stiff, greeted by the irrepressible and ever-present news photographer, and hurried away in his car to the city. The (Continued on page 42)

NOVEMBER, 1933

“*I’m in the money now..but*
I’ll stick to UNION LEADER”



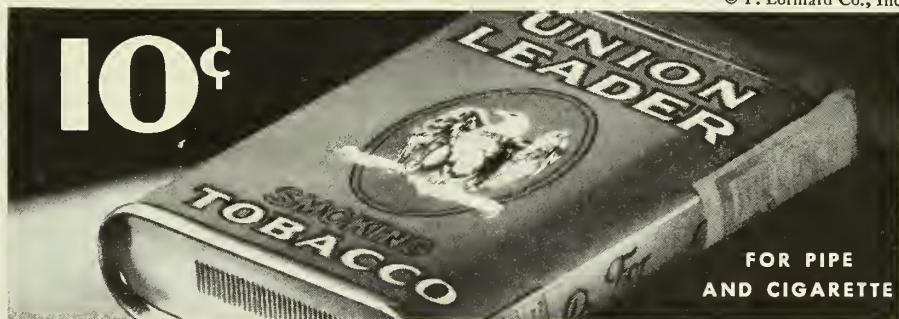
“**W**ATCHING dimes and nickels certainly taught me something about tobacco quality!

“I’m all through with ‘fancy’ brands and experiments. Stick-ing to Union Leader. Nature’s

choicest, sweetest old Burley—ripened in matchless Kentucky sunshine—cured to cool, fragrant perfection.

“And twenty-five pipe loads for a dime! Who’d pass *that* up?”

© P. Lorillard Co., Inc.



UNION LEADER
THE NATIONAL SMOKE

All Over the Map

(Continued from page 41)

Commander met the Legislature at the hour appointed. Though he kept going, he suffered for several weeks from the exposure.

Other flights stand out in relief because of some unusual incident. One from Amarillo, Texas, to Albuquerque, New Mexico, with Harold English at the stick is memorable because of the bumpiness, the storm, the landing on the mesa twenty miles from no place at all, and the flight over the tall mountain facing Albuquerque. And another from Cincinnati to Wheeling, West Virginia, in an army plane piloted by Lieutenant Rogers, with low ceiling, adverse winds and every condition that made flying almost impossible. In spite of difficulties the ship went through with but a very slight delay.

There were compensations and pleasures in work and association that more than overbalanced the inconveniences of travel. At almost every stop there were old friends waiting to greet us, work to do that seemed highly worth while, and there were little amusing incidents at every turn.

One of the first trips made by Commander Johnson after taking up his duties at headquarters was a visit to Wichita and Topeka. After a day spent at Wichita the entire party moved by train to the capital city. A luncheon meeting had been arranged and the Commander was assured that no other engagement had been made for him. He arose early, breakfasted leisurely, and settled himself down in his room for rest and to catch up with correspondence. Then, about eight-thirty, Harry Colmery walked in and asked if the Commander was about ready.

"Ready for what?" asked Commander Johnson.

"The breakfast," Harry said. Then it dawned on him. A breakfast had been arranged and the guests had assembled, including the Governor, a United States Senator, and other high government, state and Legion officials, but no one had thought to invite the guest of honor. There was much good natured bantering and raillery, but the breakfast was a huge success.

While going about over the country in

the service of the Legion, Commander Johnson was the recipient of many honors and marked attentions; he acquired membership in many societies and organizations, with cards and ornate scrolls testifying to his membership. He was made a Boy Scout at Hartford, Connecticut, with a form and ceremony that would convince the most hardened of the lofty ideals and the worth-whileness of the Boy Scout movement; he was made a Serpent at Cleveland, Ohio; and at Pocatello, Idaho, half the city turned out to witness the simple ceremony that made him an adopted member of the Shoshone-Bannock tribe of Indians, and to hear him given a new name—Teag-Won-Nay, meaning the head man, the commander, or leader.

It was a year of labor—hard, grinding, grueling labor for Louis Johnson and his associates. Now, after the tumult and the shouting has died, he has no regrets for the time, labor and the physical energy expended. But he is happy in the prospect that he is going back to Clarksburg to practice law.

Mayne Reid: Yankee Soldier

(Continued from page 29)

the courage of the Mexicans. In any case, the Americans were outnumbered five to one, and a force of "spotted Indians" (*pintos*) under Alvarez held the mountain passes in the rear, making a retreat upon Puebla out of the question.

By this and by that, and probably because of a constitutional dislike of inactivity, young Mr. Reid, a second lieutenant, determined to participate in the assault. His battery needed no further defence, and he had no difficulty in obtaining his superior officer's permission to forsake it. With his following of volunteers and Marines, the young man sped across the intervening ground and came up with the storming party, at halt and irregularly aligned along the base of the hill.

Without pausing to inquire the reason for the delay, Reid and his men broke through the lines of the forlorn hope and pushed on up the slope. Near the summit he found a scattering of soldiers in the uniforms of several regiments—the skirmishers who had cleared the way—and beyond lay a slightly rising piece of ground, some forty yards in width, between him and the outer wall of the castle—in short, the glacis. It was ably commanded by three pieces of cannon on the parapet, which swept it with grape and cannister as fast as the pieces could be loaded and fired. Death lay immediately ahead. However, in Reid's philosophy, it also lay immediately behind.

The Irishman, of course, had his sword in his hand, and he flourished it above his head, being exactly that kind of an Irishman. He shouted words that might have been lifted entire from a boy's novel of adventure. Instead, they were later incorporated in such a volume. He cried: "Men! if we don't take Chapultepec, the American Army is lost. Let us charge up to the walls."

It is asserted that a voice answered him, saying: "We'll charge if anyone leads us."

At the same instant, the three guns upon the parapet simultaneously belched destruction, and understanding that it was his opportunity, young Mr. Reid leaped over the scarp that had sheltered him, calling as he did so. "Come on, then! I'll lead you."

In such heroic and melodramatic fashion were castles stormed and taken as recently as the year 1847.

Followed by his own men and by the remnants of the skirmishers, Reid continued his headlong charge, and half way across the open ground saw the crowded parapet with its fringe of artillerists in the dark blue uniforms, faced with crimson, of the Mexican soldiery. A musket now was in every hand.

Around the waist of the Byronic Reid was a crimson sash of silk, and no doubt he looked a very general at least.

The volley from the parapet was accurately timed and came as almost a single

burst of sound, but the reckless Irishman avoided it by throwing himself flat along the earth at the psychological instant. A bullet touched one of the fingers of his swordhand and another passed through the cloth of his overalls. Then he was on his feet again and running for the wall. . . . He was scaling it when a bullet from an escopette went searing through his thigh and flung him into the ditch.

That, one is given to understand, is the reason that Mayne Reid, novelist, daredevil, controversialist, and soldier of fortune, was not the first man over the wall and into Chapultepec. It is all capitably set forth in his own story of the episode, and if it is perhaps slightly colored by the retrospect of years—he wrote it long afterward—it is sufficiently borne out by contemporary accounts of the taking of the castle.

Even as he lay wounded in the ditch, it appears, Reid raised his voice above the din and encouraged his men. "For God's sake, men," he shouted, "don't leave that wall." And thereafter only a few shots were fired. The scaling ladders came up, the men went swarming over, and Chapultepec was in the hands of the Americans. The second man up to the walls is said to have been Corporal Haup, a Swiss, who also was shot down, and the flag of Mexico is asserted to have been dragged from its staff by Reid's subordinate, a Frenchman, Hypolite Dardonville, who planted the standard of the New York regiment in its

place. It would appear to have been a curiously international episode.

Later the city was entered and the battle continued in the streets until the American standard flew from the Palace of Montezuma and the city of the Aztecs was in the possession of the invaders. But in what followed Mayne Reid had no part. He lay in hospital in the city, while physicians debated the advisability of amputating his wounded leg and reports went forth to the world at large that he was dead. In Ireland his family mourned his passing, in Newport, Rhode Island, where he had spent the summer of 1846, the *News* celebrated his brilliant life and heroic death in a column article, and in Columbus, Ohio, at a public dinner to celebrate the capture of Mexico, a popular poetess recited a long *Dirge* of her own composition, beginning "Gone—gone—gone," and ending, "Weep—weep—weep."

But Reid was not dead; nor was it necessary to amputate his leg. Under skilful care he made a good recovery.

Reid's earlier exploits as a New York Volunteer had been spectacular enough in all conscience. He was a Martian, and he was an Irishman. He loved to fight. "During the siege," he wrote, referring to the artillery affair that resulted in the surrender of Vera Cruz, "a few of us who were fond of fighting found opportunities of being shot at in the back country;" and it was quite true. Expeditions were launched against the *rancheros* or *guerrilleros* of the surrounding villages much as a party goes forth in Scotland to shoot grouse, and there was an almost continuous desultory warfare in the invaders' rear.

At Cerro Gordo he would seem to have had some difficulty with his superior officer. "In this action," he records, "I was cheated out of the opportunity of having my name recorded, by the cowardice or imbecility of the major of my regiment, who on that day commanded the detachment of which I formed part. In an early part of the action I discovered a large body of the enemy escaping through a narrow gorge running down the face of a high precipice. The force which this officer commanded had been sufficient to have captured these fugitives, but he not only refused to go forward, but refused to give me a sufficient command to accomplish the object. I learnt afterwards that Santa Anna, commander-in-chief of the Mexican army, had escaped by this gorge."

There is no reticence in Reid's pages. The perpendicular pronoun is always in bristling evidence; and it is difficult not to remember that the bellicose fellow is writing long after the fact. But he is always a joy, and there is no doubt at all that he was a grand fighter.

Reid remained in Mexico until the spring of 1848, and would appear not to have had such a bad time. He was once reported as engaged to be married to the wealthy heiress, Señorita Guadalupe Rozas, daughter of a senator; and it was possible for his widow to write of him, in after years: "He was equally (Continued on page 44)



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Mayne Reid: Yankee Soldier

(Continued from page 43)

distinguished in love and in war, and by some fair *Mexicaines* was entitled the 'Don Juan de Tenorio'—whatever that dubious compliment may mean. To his widow we are also indebted for a revealing personal description of her hero. "He possessed," she wrote, "a faultless figure, and the grace of his manner was very captivating."

In the summer of 1849, Mayne Reid sailed for Europe, in the company of a revolutionary named Hecker, and other insurgents, to lend a hand in one or all of the revolutionary movements then disturbing the peace of that continent. A legion of adventurers had been raised in New York and was to follow in another steamer. Upon arriving in Liverpool, however, great was the Irishman's chagrin to learn that the Bavarian revolution was at an end. Happily, the people of Hungary were still in arms, and it was decided that Hecker and Reid should proceed at once to the assistance of that revolutionary cause. The Irishman must first visit his family in Ireland, arriving at Ballyroney with several Colt revolvers, purchased in America.

Before the expedition could start, word was received of the defeat of Kossuth at Temsevar, and of his flight into Turkey. The subjugation of Hungary was thereafter rapidly completed. The legionnaires, stranded in London, had a hard time of it for a while, and it is recorded that Reid sold most of his Colt revolvers to raise funds for their passage home.

It was at this point that the Irishman sheathed his sword and unsheathed his pen. His first romance, *The Rifle Rangers*, was popular, and his second, *The Scalp Hunters*, was, it is asserted, one of the books of its season. There followed, in rapid order, other romances, most of them frankly for boys, and all of them diligently read by parents also. A list of his principal works for sons and fathers, now beside me, records forty-six titles and does not pretend to be complete.

In addition to his literary work in England, he found time also to found and manage an organization called the Belvidere Rifle Club, and to conduct, from time to time, violent controversies in the press. These latter had to do, frequently, with his friend, Kossuth, the Hungarian revolutionary patriot, at that time living in London. Reid attended all public meetings in behalf of the Hungarian cause, and at one time proposed that Kossuth should travel across the Continent disguised as his (Reid's) servant, thus entering territories where his life was forfeit.

About this time (the year appears to have been 1853) he married Miss Elizabeth Hyde, a girl barely thirteen years of age, a triumph later rhapsodically to be described in his novel, *The Child Wife*.

Reid was born, it appears, at Ballyroney, in Ireland, in April of the year 1818, the son of a Presbyterian clergyman, and at an early age planned to follow in his father's footsteps. It was in 1840 that he first came

to America—landing at New Orleans, a vagabond—and thereafter for some years his career was a miscellaneous and exciting one. His own tales tell the story—his life in Louisiana, his encounters on the prairie with buffaloes and grizzlies and Indians, his excursions with trappers and explorers up the great rivers of the South and West.

He was storekeeper, then tutor in the family of a Tennessee judge, then a school teacher on his own, then strolling player, and at length, between the years 1842 and 1846, poet, newspaper correspondent and editor.

Late in 1867, Reid and his wife visited America and remained for exactly three years, returning then to England, where, "at length, poor man," as Dr. Johnson wrote of somebody else, "he died." The day was the twenty-second day of October, 1883, and the schoolboys greatly mourned him.

He was a gallant fellow and a melodramatist of the first water. A tremendous egotist, of course, and greatly given to heroics. A sort of D'Artagnan, but on a puppet stage, certainly lacking the rollicking humor of the Gascon, if not humor in any degree, but for a forlorn hope or a midnight sally, obviously just the fellow. His moustaches were at all times truly remarkable. He is by way of being forgotten to-day, which was, of course, inevitable; but it is too bad. A handful of his volumes might stand without shame upon the shelves of any bookman.

This Side Up

(Continued from page 31)

remote control with the use of only a single steel wire and a ground for transmitting a program to a central station.

Back of the microphones and the radio apparatus were a number of benches for the use of the dignitaries and guests who were to take part in the program, but just before the figurative curtain rolled up the benches were picturesquely adorned by a dozen Indians—old chiefs, young bucks and princesses—dressed in their gorgeously beautiful ceremonial robes, weighed down with wampum and colorful beads. Behind them, weaving their way down the hill were a dozen more Indian chiefs resplendent in their tall, waving feather headgear and myriad colored blankets.

Shortly before the broadcast was to begin, Kent Shoemaker, generalissimo of the Legion show and climb, asked everyone to crowd into the amphitheater that the technique of the broadcasting might be explained and to rehearse a few songs, for theirs was to be the business of furnishing the background of song which the

nation heard all through the broadcast.

Then came the zero hour. The program was on the air. A certain tenseness was in the atmosphere—even the Indians were affected. The governor was to make an address and had not yet arrived and those who were handling the program were obviously nervous. But steadily the entertainment went on, with Frank Branch Riley, a nationally known speaker, acting as master of ceremonies. Suddenly the governor was seen coming down the far bank of the Tilly Jane and everyone breathed naturally again. Several boys from nearby C.C.C. camps expressed their appreciation to the President for having given them work, the governor thanked him for his interest in the proposed power development, the Indians thumped their war drums, the beauties of the Northwest were extolled, stories of the Legion's climbs were unfolded. Joe Carson, mayor of Portland and an active Legionnaire, urged the President to make his summer home in Oregon. A special extension mic-

rophone picked up the crackling sounds of the bonfire and the swishing of the fast moving waters in Tilly Jane, there was more singing, the gentle strumming of a guitar and then came the soft chimes of KGW and the program ended. There was a lusty shout from every throat and the tension was broken. The unusual program had been carried through without a hitch.

Then followed a local entertainment under the direction of the Auxiliary with speaking by General Martin, an Oregon Congressman, and other local leaders and Legionnaires, including the then State Commander Eakin. Later, as is the way with Legionnaires, the party broke up into little groups. Not for long, however, as promptly at 2:30 in the morning, the clear, piercing notes of the bugle called into action all those who intended to start up the mountain. A large number which was to make only the glacier climb under the leadership of Hugh G. Ball was also awakened.

They donned their heaviest socks,

hiking boots, sweaters, gloves and other clothing. Most of the Crag Rats themselves wore breeches, the seats of which were reinforced with leather to facilitate matters on the return trip. (It must be kept in mind that much of the descent concerns itself with sliding.) Breakfast followed and Legionnaires and their guests were on their way up the mountain. The first stretch was over barren rock known as Cooper's spur, an uphill hike of nearly four hours. That was enough for several who planned to climb to the summit, but the majority, about half of them women, did not give up so easily. It was on the top of Cooper's spur that the climbers paused to grease their faces and adjust their goggles and smoked glasses before entering upon the snow with its blinding sun ray reflection. Unless you've seen the greased faces of mountain climbers you can't appreciate how grotesque each looks.

By seven o'clock in the morning most of the strings—each consisting of about thirty people and led by a Crag Rat with half-inch rope around waists, and each equipped with an alpenstock—were into the heavy snow headed upward to the pinnacle of the mountain. Slow and wearisome was the climb owing to the fact that new snow had fallen during the night and it was necessary for the leaders to carefully search out the best trails which lead up the mountain.

Every half hour or so, the leading string stopped to allow others to catch up and incidentally broadcast to those left in the camp below the latest facts as to progress up the mountain. A low-wave transmitter and receiving set encased in an aluminum container made by two Hood River youths was carried clear to the top of the mountain and with a similar set in the camp it was possible to carry on communication during the day. It was nearly noon before the first of the climbers reached the summit and just as they cleared the edge, a heavy fog settled around the mountain, making it impossible for those below to see the strings climb the ice ladder by which the last 1000 feet of ascent is made. However, by radio the name of each climber was given as he or she scrambled to the top. It was exceedingly thrilling to mothers, fathers, relatives and friends four-and-a-half miles away and nearly 6000 feet down to hear the names come clearly through the loud speakers. For nearly two hours string after string found its way to the pinnacle and after a brief rest, the downward trek and slide was undertaken. The climbers of course came down must faster than they went up.

The Crag Rats again set the trail and making good use of their leather covered breeches soon had regular toboggan slides formed down the mountain side and it was via these slides that the climbers came down most of the way through the snow. By mid-afternoon the first group began arriving back at the Legion camp and just at dusk Sunday night the last of the climbers came into camp and the 13th annual climb of Hood River Post of the Legion ended.



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Let Us Face Realities

(Continued from page 15)



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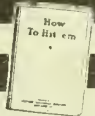


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many people have told me this. Even before 1920 and hard times had set in, I heard it. People who say this are refusing to face realities. Suppose, for instance, Smith's children had found no place but the crowded streets in which to play.

It is quite easy to imagine that five to ten years from now at least one of the children would have gotten into difficulty with the law. He might even have been brought into court or sent to prison. Then you and I as taxpayers would foot the bills; or, if we were not property owners, we should pay it in rent. The fact we have to remember is that there are few things in life worth having for which we do not have to pay. There is a time when these things may be paid for in amounts we hardly notice, and there is a time when they come pretty high.

This is why I am hoping that as we emerge from the depression we shall keep both feet on the ground and do some straight thinking. What do we want for our country, for ourselves, and for our neighbors? Can we attain this objective if we think of improvements in our economic structure only in terms of how much money better times will put into our own pockets; or again, if we think of recovery only as more factories running, more businesses going full blast? Building American citizens I believe to be as important to our

national welfare as building our industries. In fact, the two must go hand in hand if the national recovery we hope for is to be realized. In this building of human beings our social agencies play a vital part. We needed their services before the depression; American history would have been far different during the depression if it had not been for their splendid work, and now that we have entered on a reconstruction period they are more than ever necessary.

This fall four-fifths of our American communities are raising funds for the human needs which must be met during the coming year if we are to keep faith with our fellow citizens and in step with civilization. Your contribution to these funds in the community in which you live means that you are taking part in the rebuilding of America. Such contributions will mean that we are not to lose in one direction while we are trying to gain in another. Wages and jobs are essential, but it would cost the country less, in all that counts for health, safety and character, to cut wages in half than to close down the social agencies, public and private. The great reality in this connection is that we simply cannot get along without continuing to do for one another the socially helpful things represented by our welfare work. We all depend on them for our own well-being.

Horses?—More Than Ever

(Continued from page 13)

developed. This field is the rightful property of the horse and his half-brother, the mule. They are repossessing it just as rapidly as they can increase in numbers sufficient to take it over.

In a recent issue of this magazine a writer pointed out that retail sales of work harness show farmers are returning to horse and mule power. Even more graphic evidences of this same trend abound. Not the least of these is the price of horses. For the past year horses and mules have been the outstanding exception to the general rule that farm products bring less than the cost of production. The man who has raised a good work horse can sell it for a sure, substantial profit. Horses command prices higher, when measured in other farm products, than at any time since the hectic wartime market, which means relatively higher than at any other time in our history. The demand is brisk.

Every intelligent farmer who has any good mares has bred them. Good draft stallions are in such demand for service that they are being hauled about the country in padded trucks. Horse-thievery, for many years as obsolete a crime as robbing stage-coaches, has become a genuine

problem in the land. Verily the horse is once more in the ascendent.

In 1920 the United States contained more horses and mules than any country in the world, before or since. Its equine population is still the greatest of any nation's. But this population has decreased in the intervening years by about nine millions, from the peak of almost twenty-seven millions. No wonder there is a shortage!

But, do I hear you saying, how does all this affect me? What of it? Except for a few horse-raisers and harness-makers, who is going to feel any benefit in his pocket-book from the shift back to hay-burning power?

The answer is: Everybody will feel it. For until we in this country once more have horses and mules doing the jobs that they do best, we shall continue to own a farm problem. Laws, farm boards, emergency acts—none of these can more than temporarily help to solve the farmers' financial puzzles. And until the rural half of our population is re-established on a sound basis of prosperity, we cannot have lasting prosperity for the city half. This is why everybody has a substantial stake and a ground for real optimism in the

facts that the demand for horses is brisk, that the horse population is starting to regain its losses, that the farm problem is thus on the way to a self-contained solution.

I know anybody is unpopular who introduces a lot of statistics into your reading matter. So I shall trespass just as lightly as possible in this respect. But because a few figures are essential to understanding what this is all about, I must bring them in.

In 1910 American farms produced 311 million crop acres. In 1930 they produced 361 millions, an increase of 50 million crop acres in twenty years, or sixteen percent. This was a sizeable increase. During this same period our human population increased by thirty millions, or thirty-three percent. Efficiency in production increased greatly during this period, however, especially in dairy cattle, beef cattle, hogs and sheep, so that it is fair to assume that the fifty million increase in acreage, plus the increased efficiency in production, was ample to supply our increase in human population. Exports in pounds of agricultural products did not change much from 1910 to 1930; decreases in some lines were offset by increases in others.

If no other major factor had entered, we should have found farm products in 1933 selling at prices to yield the farmer as good a living as in 1910, when he was notably prosperous. (Whether these prices would have been the same in dollars is of no consequence, so long as they preserved the same general relationship to all prices as twenty-odd years before.) Instead, we find farm products have been selling so low that the typical farmer can neither buy his family's most urgent needs nor pay his mortgage interest and taxes. This is common knowledge.

What has happened, then, to disturb the balance? Again I must beg your indulgence for a few statistics. The horse and mule population since 1920 shrank nine millions. The city horse decreased from three million four hundred thousand to one million two hundred thousand, while the country horse was decreasing by six and one-half millions. The nation-wide average of crop land required to keep a horse is close to four acres. All told, between thirty and forty million crop acres were released from growing horse feed by the decreased use of horses and mules.

This additional acreage was devoted chiefly to human food and clothing. It was about a ten percent increase in volume of farm products. Anyone who has studied prices knows that less than ten percent surplus will break the back of any established price structure. So it was with farm product prices. Too much cotton, too much wheat, too much corn, too much pork, too much beef, too much milk—all the way down the list you can find an annual crop surplus which piles up in storage or else comes on the market for immediate sale. Either way, it depresses prices and the farmer gets it in the neck.

People often ask me, "Is the horse really coming back?" The proper answer is, "The horse never went." Like the infantry in the army, he is the mainstay of power on the farm. After all, there are in this country today about eighteen and one-third million horses and mules, and only twenty-two and one-third million automobiles. There is better than one horse and mule for every two families in the United States, to be precise one for each 6.69 persons. But in 1900 we had one horse or mule for each 3.08 persons in our total population. And if the horse had continued to decrease for another twenty years at the rate of the past fifteen, he would have become as scarce as the American bison.

Folks are not going to give up automobiles for driving horses. They are not going to give up motor trucks and use railroads for short hauls, with horse drayage to and from the freight house. They are not going back to any use for horses which can be performed more economically by other forms of power.

But they are going back, as rapidly as they can obtain horses, to many of the uses in which animal traction is superior. The big move is on the farms, plantations and ranches. The farmer, just like the big-city financier, suffered from delusions of boom-era prosperity. He became confused as to values. His thinking got all mixed up with labor-saving and time-saving and progressiveness and a lot of other non-essential considerations. Now, under the influence of hard-times pressure, his thinking is straightened around again. Horses always were more profitable for most farmers, but this basic fact, like so many other fundamentals, got mislaid in the new-era chase after sudden wealth. Now it has been rediscovered.

Year in and year out, with very few exceptions, it has been possible for a farmer to get his farm power for no cost by using horses. By keeping several mares for farm work he has been able to get half as many colts annually. He raises the colts, puts them to work as three-year-olds, and sells off his oldest team, usually as five-year-olds. The profit on the animals when sold is ordinarily enough to pay the cost of feeding them from the time they are 3 until sold at 5 or 6 years, which gives him his power free of cost—except, of course, for his extra labor in caring for the horses. There are few farmers nowadays who would not gladly do a lot of work for what it costs in cash to buy, maintain, fuel and replace a tractor. Always keep in mind that last fall gasoline alone cost him about a bushel of corn per gallon. With horses, he can get a lot more power out of his bushel of corn. Moreover, a tractor never foals.

Back in the all-horse days the yields per acre were just as large as they have been since the introduction of modern conveniences—larger in some instances, perhaps because of the manure the horses produce. The development of big-team hitches on a scientific basis has made it feasible to put just as much (Continued on page 48)



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Horses?—More Than Ever

(Continued from page 47)

horse power on the hoof ahead of a plow as on wheels, and at a blamed sight lower cost. Hitches for six, eight, nine, ten, and twelve horses have been developed and broadcast throughout the country and their popularity has increased tremendously. These hitches permit the use of these large teams in such scientific engineering fashion that every horse must pull his share, and no more than his share, every minute of the day. Instead of requiring an expert driver or several drivers, some of them riding forward horses, these hitches handle smoothly with a single pair of reins to the outside horses of the lead team; all the other horses are hitched so they have to follow. The farmer who believes that you can work faster or more steadily with a tractor than with horses has never seen a big hitch at work. Even on big farms, supposedly the ideal location for tractors, the farmers who stuck to horses and mules are better off because they escaped the burden of debt that buying power equipment usually involves a farmer in. It is a noteworthy fact that the total increase of farm debt on owner operated farms since the war comes within a few million dollars of exactly equalling the amount that farmers have spent on mechanical power and power-drawn implements.

Recently a friend of mine, a business man, was asked by his farmer brother to come see him at once. The urgent note brought the city brother immediately, and he soon discovered that the home farm on which they had both been reared, was about to be lost if the money could not be raised to meet mortgage obligations.

"But Jim," protested my friend, "when you took over this farm twenty years ago it was clear. Now it's mortgaged to the limit. How did that happen?"

"I don't know, Bob," admitted the farmer brother. "It just seemed like every once in a while I had to add a little to the mortgage for something I absolutely had to have. And I never did get around to paying any of it off."

So Bob patiently sat down and questioned Jim about his affairs for the past twenty years, his income, his major expenditures, and so on. When he had the story pieced together he said, "In other words, what you're telling me, Jim, is that you have traded the old home farm for that mess of rusty machinery out back of the barn?"

Jim scratched his head, then busied himself for a while with a pencil and an old envelop. Finally he looked up. "You know, Bob," he confessed with tears in his eyes, "I never thought of it that way, but that's just about what I've done." The happy ending is that Bob lent the money to save the farm on condition that Jim quit monkeying with machine farming and go back to horses. Many thousands of farmers are in the same shape as Jim was, and I have been told by hundreds of them throughout the country that they had made the same major mistake without realizing what they were getting into.

Besides the trend toward more horses on the farms, the same tendency is visible in non-agricultural work. There are many places where gasoline power is far better. But there are notable exceptions. For instance, on short-haul, frequent-stop service

such as retail dairy and retail bakery deliveries, horses are regaining ground steadily. One reason, as anybody knows who has watched a dairy wagon, is that a motor truck won't come when the driver whistles. As profit margins shrink, business men listen to economy reasoning just as eagerly as farmers.

When economic waste is eliminated, everybody gains; you and I and the fellow next door, even though the waste is eliminated by someone three thousand miles away. We can watch with satisfaction the shift back to animal power because each time such a shift is made, it comes because of an economic advantage and for no other reason.

While the total horse and mule population of the United States has been dropping by nine million head, the shrinkage in the number of these animals at work has been much less.

We may all be thankful that the use of horses and mules has reversed the fifteen-year trend, and that their numbers are bound to increase from now on. For the use of animal power is the only use of land that takes it out of producing surplus cash crops. Generally speaking, this is the one way to keep land at work and still keep off the markets cash crops for human consumption.

For only when cash crop surpluses decrease will the nation's farmers regain fair crop prices and generous buying power. And only then will you and I and our fellows have definite assurance that prosperity is stabilized on the permanent basis of abundance for everyone on a good high standard of living.

Big League Stuff

(Continued from page 4)

for the first time, for the host city to the series to fly the previous year's championship pennant at the games. The pennant was raised, with the American flag, at the opening ceremonies by the 1932 champions, with the Chicago and Trenton teams in attendance, while the New Orleans Legion Band played the National Anthem.

Another first at these games was the presentation of the perpetual Howard Savage Trophy to the winners by the previous holders of the cup. The presentation was made immediately after the last game by Captain Jimmy Fraiche of the 1932 champions to Phil Cravette, captain and star pitcher of the Chicago team.

Other trophies presented at the close of the series were the Gaylord Cup to the runners-up, which was received by Captain Jiggs Carrado on behalf of the Trenton team; the Madame Schumann-Heink

Cup to Center-fielder Bill Luzansky, of Trenton, for the player exhibiting the highest type of sportsmanship in the series, and gold watch fobs to the Chicago players and silver fobs to the Trenton players by Legionnaire Mayor Semmes T. Wamsley. Autographed pen and pencil sets were given to the players of both teams by Percy Brenner, and the members of the committee in charge of the series presented each of the Chicago players with sweaters bearing the insignia of their championship.

As the plans for the Series contemplated three games, the two contenders remained in New Orleans an extra day for exhibition games with local teams. The Trenton team won a hotly contested seven-inning affair with the 1933 Louisiana State Champions, while Chicago played a tie game with the 1932 world champs for the nightcap.

Russell Cook, director of the Legion's National Americanism Commission, was confronted with a tremendous problem in putting the junior baseball program over this year. Owing to the economic situation the major leagues were unable to make their usual contribution this year, and for some time it was felt that the program could not be carried through. Twelve cities volunteered to entertain the players of the regional tournaments with hotel accommodations and meals, however, while the different Legion Departments absorbed the travel expenses of their champions to these places of regional play.

The cities of Springfield, Ohio, and Topeka, Kansas, were hosts to the Eastern and Western sectionals, while New Orleans took care of the expense of the Little World Series. The big problem was securing the necessary \$10,500 to provide travel ex-

pense, and incidentals for the twelve regional championship teams from the regionals through the sectionals. Four thousand dollars was donated by the Sporting Goods Manufacturers Association toward this fund, and when things looked darkest in the effort to raise the balance of the money Colonel Henry L. Doherty, noted engineer and financier, came to the rescue of the program with a donation of \$6500—and junior baseball weathered the depression. Colonel Doherty has been a supporter of Legion junior baseball for some time. He has sponsored nearly three hundred teams in the past three years by outfitting them completely for Legion play. He was an enthusiastic visitor at the Little World Series in Manchester, New Hampshire, last year. Lifting the load of financial difficulty from the shoulders of the Americanism Commission this year was another practical evidence of Colonel Doherty's keen interest in and support of the Le-

gion's effort in behalf of the youth of the country.

The Legion can well feel proud of its accomplishment in carrying out the program this year, for at no time, despite the handicaps presented, has there been a lack of interest and enthusiasm on the part of the thousands of boys within the age limits of this vast program. The various stages of elimination were colorful and picturesque in their hotly contested tourneys. To represent the East, Trenton had to survive great little teams from Springfield, Ohio; Mobile, Alabama; Gastonia, North Carolina; Sanford, Maine, and Reading, Pennsylvania. In the Western sectionals Chicago's opponents from the regional competitions were Fargo, North Dakota; Ada, Oklahoma; Stockton, California; Woodburne, Oregon; and Louisville, Colorado. While the major leagues were unable to help financially in the program this year, they have co-operated and helped to the fullest extent in many other ways.

This, Too, Is America

(Continued from page 19)

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Aren't you hungry?"

"We're hungry all right, all right, but we ain't gonna eat no horsemeat."

"Oh, you are mistaken. There is no horsemeat on this menu."

"There sure is. You said that we get what's on the menu and that menus don't lie. Well, look for yourself. Read that first line. If that don't say horses' hoofs, I'm blind."

The captain picked up the menu and looked.

"Hors d'oeuvres," said the first line.

It took much persuasion and patience to correct the erroneous impression. For that party, at least, "hors d'oeuvres" never again appeared on the menu.

When Congress first gave the Army the job to conduct the Pilgrimage, military men foresaw many perplexing situations. Accustomed to assignments not of its own choice, the Army went to work and surprised even its most ardent supporters.

Accustomed to giving orders in general terms and expecting obedience, on this assignment army officers had to meet all the tests of leadership without ever resorting to discipline. No orders could be issued to the Pilgrims. Even if they had been, imagine sending a Pilgrim to the guard-house for disobedience of orders! If any member of the party refused to go along and follow the course in the planned itinerary, she was at liberty to do so. Outside of making one visit to the cemetery, these women could have been entirely on their own and so were advised. It was their Pilgrimage and the army job was to make it a success for each one of them.

It was not enough to satisfy the majority of each party. Orders required that each member of each group be sent back to the

United States a "satisfied customer," and report made of any failures with good and sufficient reasons.

There were very few failures. A very strict account was kept of them. For the summer of 1933, for instance, they could have been counted on the fingers of one hand with some margin to spare. When one considers the infirmities of age, the performance of the Army seems almost incredible.

The avalanche of commendations that the Pilgrims themselves have dropped down upon their Congressmen, the Secretary of War, the Chief of Staff, the Quartermaster General and other public officials would indicate a job well done.

Besides the human problem of satisfying each individual, the staff had to consider certain basic physical factors. Under no conditions would the medical authorities approve a single day's journey or the extended two weeks' itinerary if it meant the possible exhaustion of the more feeble members of the party. On the other hand, sprinkled in among the older women was a liberal quota of younger widows who, too, had shared in a great sacrifice and whose wishes and capabilities also had to be considered.

To the surprise of everyone connected with the Pilgrimage, the older women, on the whole, stood the physical strain better than the younger. Seldom seasick, never missing a meal or a trip on the bus, some of the women well in their seventies and often in their eighties set a stiff pace for the widows in their thirties and forties to follow.

When the Army first got the assignment, it consulted the life insurance companies to get some statistics on the expectancy of death among the women who had chosen to make the (Continued on page 50)

In a coma from that aroma



"TEMPORARY asphyxiation from bad tobacco in a bad pipe." That's what the doctor put in his notebook. And this remorseful husband learned that it isn't only apples that keep the doctor away.

Here's a prescription for keeping wives not only conscious, but happy with a pipe-smoking husband. Ask the tobacco store man for Sir Walter Raleigh Smoking Tobacco. It's that mild, flavorful blend of rare Kentucky Burleys that pleases husbands and wives alike. It's kept fresh in gold foil. When it's packed in a well-kept pipe, it will give you more satisfaction than heavier tobacco, and you could smoke it in a submarine without upsetting the white mice.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. A-311



It's 15¢—AND IT'S Milder

"WHAT LUCK!

**You're just the man
I wanted to see!"**



At The ROOSEVELT,

meetings like this are an everyday occurrence—you do meet the men you "wanted to see." It isn't luck—it's simply that the men and women of your world naturally stop at the Roosevelt. They appreciate value, in hotel service as in everything else. And the Roosevelt is New York's best value—the least expensive finer hotel.

Rooms now  from \$4⁰⁰

The ROOSEVELT

Edward C. Fogg, Managing Director
Madison Ave. and 45 St., NEW YORK
A UNITED HOTEL

This, Too, Is America

(Continued from page 49)

Pilgrimage in the summer of 1930. Based on these figures, the Army prepared to handle at least sixty-five death casualties. However, the Gold Star Mothers have shown no respect for statistics. In the four years, they suffered but four deaths—one in New York before sailing, one on the high seas after the visit to the cemetery in Europe and two in France.

THERE was one California woman, 92, who dashed across the United States by plane, sailed the ocean, visited the Aisne-Marne Cemetery and kept full pace with women young enough to be her great grand-children. There was another woman from the State of Washington who arrived on crutches and actually discarded them in Paris. She had sprained an ankle two months before the ship's scheduled sailing but, undaunted, she made the journey. She persisted not only in visiting the cemetery three times and in following the march of her son's division on the battlefield but in going to the Louvre and to the palace in Versailles and standing for long intervals to study the classic works of art.

Another woman, a Texan past 75, started out on her pilgrimage in 1931. She was standing in the washroom outside of St. Louis when the train suddenly jerked forward. She fell and broke her hip. For months she lay flat on her back, often in semi-consciousness. She recovered. In 1933, she made the trip. She had become quite nimble on her crutches and seldom missed a formation.

When some of the officers expressed surprise at the strength and vitality of these older women, one of the nurses remarked, "They must be the fit that have survived. Had they been weak, they never would have reached their present age."

There were others whose spirit was strong but whose flesh simply would not respond. These had to be watched very carefully. Conducting officers, doctors and nurses had to use all the arts of tact and diplomacy to hold them back in the hotel when the rest of the party was out on a trip.

There were also problems of logistics to meet on the Pilgrimage. Buses had to be engaged. Baggage had to be moved. The buses covered 217,152 miles in France and each Pilgrim traveled more than 500 miles. The Pilgrimage covered 3,483,828 passenger miles. Yet only one accident occurred and that through no fault of the driver and without injury to any Pilgrim. In the four years, the Army handled thousands of pieces of baggage and did not lose one. Questions of passports and visas that arise to plague every tourist were taken up by the staff and disposed of without any visible difficulties.

Much correspondence and many conferences with government officials, local and national, were necessary to complete

arrangements. In addition to the rules of the American Government, the procedure of the French, the British and the Belgian had to be considered. One cemetery was located in Brookwood, England. There was another in Flanders, in Belgium. In France, there were the Meuse-Argonne, the St. Mihiel, the Somme, the Oise-Aisne, the Aisne-Marne and the Surènes Cemeteries. Some mothers had sons buried in the crypt of the Lafayette Escadrille memorial outside of Paris.

Some of the women visited isolated graves in Scotland, Italy, Gibraltar and other parts of Europe where their husbands and sons died and they had expressed the desire to let the body rest where it had fallen. The Army took full responsibility to get these women to their isolated graves with just as much care and attention as it employed to handle those visiting the American cemeteries.

Local country hotels had limited space. No more could be sent at one time than comfortably could be accommodated. Local programs in the way of reunions and conventions had to be considered. Reservations often had to be made in winter for the pilgrimages of the following summer. Constantly, lists had to be revised. Women with an innate right to change their minds, often carried out their prerogative. Yet local hotel men had to hold reservations, get paid only for those who actually came and it was up to the army officials to keep them satisfied.

Co-operating with the Army, the United States Lines always stood out in the forefront. Its agents both in Paris and New York met every requirement of the Pilgrimage officials. In Paris, one official devoted practically his entire time during the summer months to Pilgrimage matters.

The European end of the enterprise, in turn, depended on the efficiency of the "home sector." From the office of Quartermaster General John L. DeWitt, in Washington, the call went out to every corner of the country, picked out every eligible Gold Star mother and widow and familiarized her with the opportunity that her Government had offered her. Home town doctors and local railroad agents supplied additional information. When the Pilgrim arrived in New York, the army had a complete record of her physical condition.

In New York, another army staff, first under Colonel Alexander E. Williams (now brigadier general) and later under Colonel Pope took charge. It met the women at the depots, housed them in New York hotels, so far as possible, selected congenial room-mates, put them aboard ship and escorted them to the other side. At sea, the army officer, often more sick than the Pilgrims themselves, had to keep his group cheerful and happy.

In crossing the Atlantic Ocean, each

group held a very impressive ceremony in honor of the soldiers and sailors lost at sea when the oldest Pilgrim in the party usually dropped a floral wreath overboard in their honor.

From beginning to end, the Army never lost sight of the fact that the whole purpose of the Pilgrimage was to bring these women at a minimum of physical and emotional strain to the cemeteries where their loved ones lay buried. Their first two or three days in Paris, they rested. Usually, the second afternoon, they placed a wreath on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier of France at the Arc de Triomphe and, at a special tea following the ceremony, they officially were received by the French and American governments.

The American ambassador to France, French generals and admirals, often General John J. Pershing, representatives of The American Legion and other American societies in Paris, patriotic French organizations and the pastors of the English-speaking churches joined in giving the Pilgrims a hearty welcome. Each speaker emphasized the debt of humanity to American motherhood and proclaimed the occasion not for mourning for the dead but for exalting their heroic lives and their patriotic services.

After their rest in Paris, they left for the country to visit the cemeteries and here American womanhood showed itself at its best. Provided with a special wreath by the Government, each woman quietly went to her loved one's grave and held communion with his soul. Of course, there were tears. However, signs of hysteria seldom manifested themselves. Those who seemed to bear up best usually were walking around to cheer up others less capable of standing the strain. Often it was the officer and not the Pilgrim who had to turn his back on the scene to hide the sight of his own tears. These women stoically shared each other's grief. They seemed to feel a relief that had been denied them since the declaration of war in 1917. For the first time since the death of their loved ones, they felt a sense of peace.

To most of these women by this time, death had come as a frequent visitor. By 1933, most of the Gold Star Mothers had become widows; some had lost other children. Alone among the lost ones, their soldier son's life had counted in the affairs of the world and still seemed to count in the eyes of his Government. Otherwise, why the Pilgrimage at all? they reasoned.

SOME of the Pilgrims had two sons buried in France. Some had suffered losses in both the Canadian and American armies. There were even examples of sons of the same mother who died on both sides of the field of battle.

The conducting officers always made it a point to show the Pilgrims not only the American cemeteries but the French, the British, the Italian, the Belgian and even the German. The last with their black crosses always made a deep impression but remarks of hate or scorn seldom passed the

mouth of a single Pilgrim. Here lay the men who probably had killed their own sons and husbands, yet these women had nothing but pity and respect for the dead.

"Poor boys, they were performing their duty as they saw it," remarked one Virginia woman whose husband was buried in Thiaucourt and whose brother lay at rest in Romagne.

"You don't hate Germans, do you?" pathetically asked one mother.

"No, I certainly do not," answered the conducting officer.

"Oh, I am so glad to hear you say that. After I visit my boy's grave in the American cemetery, I want to go at my own expense to Cologne. I had another boy in the army. He died fighting for Germany and I want to visit his grave, too."

After the first ordeal, the Pilgrims visited each other at the cemetery, talked about their younger days and their interests back home. Only those who lost an only child seemed to take longer in winning their peace. Some of the widows, it appeared to many of the officers and nurses, suffered the most. Evidently, the mothers had lived their lives and brought up their families. For the widows, there were just a few happy days in 1917-18, or perhaps even a few years before the war and a life's course abruptly broken. They still were loyal to their memories and had not remarried. It was they who often brought out old letters from "Somewhere in France" and quietly sat at their tombstones and relived their romantic moments.

To those women whose sons' or husbands' bodies had never been recovered, the first visit was unusually difficult. The Army is inscribing the names of the Unknowns upon the chapel walls in the cemeteries that they may not be forgotten. The women appreciated this special mark of honor but still it left them with some doubts. A few of the older mothers still nourished the thought and empty hope that their sons were alive. So long as the body remained unknown or unidentified, even after all these years, their forlorn hopes still persisted.

There were interesting trips to and from the cemeteries when the Pilgrims enjoyed the countryside and had their minds diverted from their sorrows. The women in the fields, the men at the sidewalk cafés, the children in their uniform garb, going and coming from school, always interested them. There was no scene so beautiful that they could not duplicate it in California, Texas, Florida or New Hampshire. For the churches and cathedrals, they had a great deal of admiration but in every party there was at least one woman to say:

"I don't see anything to rave about here. We have a church at home which is much newer and much more comfortable."

For the French people, they had mixed emotions. What impressions their boys had transmitted in 1917-18, they continued. "They're fine people, except that there are too many foreigners among them," remarked one of the mothers.

For their part, (Continued on page 52)

A minute a day KEEPS DANDRUFF AWAY



STEP

1

a few minutes
each week with
**PACKER'S
TAR SOAP**

Give your hair a sudsy shampoo with Packer's rich piney lather. Packer's Tar Soap contains genuine pine tar and soothing, softening glycerine. For 64 years doctors have been recommending it.

STEP

2

one minute
each day with

**PACKER'S
SCALPTONE**



Massage the tingling goodness of Packer's Scalptone into your scalp. Rub it in deep—give dandruff the works! Feel it tone up the scalp—tone up the nerves—make your head healthy and happy, too!

**Note Scalptone's
patented
Oil Tube**

If you need oil, add just the right amount to have your hair the way you want it



And expect to be surprised when you first see Scalptone! It is the only tonic that is adjustable. In the neck of every bottle there is a separate tube of oil. You make your own prescription for your own hair.

AFTER 21 DAYS

—have a look at your hair! It'll be healthy. And well-groomed. But not greasy or plastered down. And as for dandruff—well, this treatment usually stops it inside of 3 weeks. If you aren't satisfied—write us. We'll cheerfully refund the purchase price if you'll let us know the amount.

PACKER'S Dandruff Treatment

① PACKER'S TAR SOAP

② PACKER'S SCALPTONE

This, Too, Is America

(Continued from page 51)

the French people, in every way, tried to give them a warm welcome. On the road and in the country towns, every courtesy was extended them. In Paris, in the churches and in the shops, the badge of a Gold Star Pilgrim was honored and respected.

Some communities were more demonstrative than others. At St. Quentin, for instance, the women on the way to the Somme Cemetery always were received at the Hotel de Ville by the mayor and in the name of the city presented with a special bouquet. There, the perennial question "Who won the war?" gives America an edge.

"All we know up here," the representatives of this community annually repeated, "is that for four years we were crushed under the Prussian heel. When the 27th and 30th American Divisions broke the Hindenburg line at the St. Quentin Canal, we saw definite signs of our dawning liberation. We forever shall be grateful."

After the visit to the cemeteries and battlefields, the Pilgrims returned to Paris and prepared themselves for the journey home. Occasions were afforded to visit the art galleries of the Louvre, the palace at Versailles, the churches of Sacre Coeur and Notre Dame, the Cluny Museum and other interesting places. Time was allowed for shopping, the greatest sport for women. One of the largest department stores in

Paris made it a special point to cater to the Pilgrims. When they arrived, they were met at the door of the store by one of the managers who presented each one with a map of the city. An English speaking clerk helped them shop. Whether they spent several hundred francs or merely came to look, they received the same courtesy and attention.

After about six weeks from the day they left most of these women were back in their homes where their friends and neighbors naturally asked, "Was it worth-while?"

Now that the Pilgrimage has been completed, a definite answer is in order.

Since it was purely a benevolent or patriotic movement, the results can not be measured in dollars and cents. It is safe to say that managed by the Army the Pilgrims got more than any other agency could have provided.

The Pilgrimages were conducted neither as joy-rides nor as funeral processions. Though there were solemn occasions for each Pilgrim, it was obvious that except for the visits to the cemetery, her mind had to be diverted from her grief.

As for the effect on the women themselves, it must be realized that nothing that the Government has done or ever will do will bring back to a mother or to a widow who has remained loyal to her memories her lost son or husband. If any one ex-

pected that the Pilgrimage would help a woman forget her loss, he was looking for a miracle and showed that he did not understand the feminine heart. The war has left an incurable wound in the hearts of these women that never can be healed. The visits to the cemetery did not open old wounds. They had never been closed.

However, the Pilgrimage did convince these women that a nation still shares their loss. Their boys' graves had become national shrines. Their own sacrifices still were remembered. They traveled in Europe as the representatives of a great Government, truly as its ambassadors and ministers. They counted. Their sons' lives counted. A generation may have grown up to whom the World War has become an impersonal chapter of past history. But a nation that lives from one generation to another has not forgotten. It still recalls with pride the services of its soldiers and sailors of 1917-18 and, despite any present day scepticism, still recognizes the fact that these men died to save their country. It was such thoughts, not often made articulate and such emotions, that surged in the minds and hearts of the American Gold Star mothers and widows.

Was it worth-while? In the last analysis, only the women themselves can give a definite answer. Try them. Their vote will be overwhelmingly, "Yes!"

Keep the Troops Moving

(Continued from page 25)

and asked to see the president. The president was conducting a directors' meeting but his secretary produced him immediately. He welcomed George heartily and introduced him to the gentlemen of the board.

The cashier brought a much-sealed package which Charlie had forwarded in the bank's care, containing Uncle Hamilton's bequest of bad securities which Charlie had inflated with Carlyle's complete works. The cashier called the lobby policeman to bear the impressive bundle to the safety vault. A large box was necessary to accommodate the package and George dropped it in with the seals unbroken. He next opened an account. Dorothy had insisted that magic lay in the figure nine and that it would be better not to spoil the cryptic total of his cash bequest by any additions. And besides \$9,999.99 would attract more attention in the bank than a commonplace ten thousand. A few hundred in cash, his only other resources, he kept in his pocket . . .

At the end of a fortnight, in which his many engagements had kept him hopping, George was surprised to find that the adventure he had undertaken with serious

misgivings had begun to stir him mightily. He liked Tekoa. He liked the people. He was conscious of the possession of powers which he had always thought the gods had denied him. When Mayor Hendricks took him to a meeting of the Fred T. Lawton Post he felt that his brother Legionnaires liked him not because he was a New York Van Cortlandt but because they saw in him a much better fellow than he had ever suspected himself of being.

Charlie Pickens continued to manifest from New York the liveliest interest in George's proceedings in Tekoa. Whenever George was to be entertained by a lunch club or to attend a dinner, he fired telegrams in care of those organizations further to create atmosphere for George.

George complained to Dorothy of Charlie's attentions as they sat on the veranda of her father's house after a fried chicken dinner in the best corn-belt style. But he had to admit things were moving.

"You know," he added, "I had a letter last week from Bob Wilkins—a Chicago chap I knew in college—suggesting he might move his stocking mill here. Petronius Stockings—you've seen their advertisements—"

"There you are! What did you do about it?"

"I took Bob's letter over to the Chamber of Commerce and they sent a committee right up to see him. Mayor Hendricks went along and he's some go-getter. I've been thinking—well, there's that fine, modern industrial building out at the end of Walnut Street—built by an overall company that got sore at the town and moved away. It would be just the place for Bob. Everything right there and there isn't a better place in America for making quick shipments in all directions than Tekoa. Our taxes are the lowest of any town of our population in the country. And—"

"Oh, George!" cried Dorothy. "You've got the spirit! Keep the troops moving!"

"Well, it isn't so easy," said George, abashed by her praise. "We've struck a snag. Wilkins wants Tekoa to take fifty thousand dollars worth of stock in the Petronius Company—he needs the money to move here. But the First National won't help and it looks as if Tekoa might miss the chance."

"That's been the trouble with Tekoa—missing chances," said Dorothy. "Why

don't you put up the necessary money?"

"Me?" demanded George in alarm. "Where could I raise fifty thousand dollars?"

"Charlie," said Dorothy promptly. "He's so anxious to do something for us and he'll know right where to get the money."

Dorothy's careless manner of disposing of difficulties always left George doddering. She declared her purpose to wire her cousin at once and they were soon speeding to the telegraph office where she composed a two dollar night-letter.

"I guess that'll slow Charlie up quite a bit," remarked George, as he read the message. "He's so cheerful about wiring me all kinds of silly bunk. We'll see what he says to this!"

AT NOON the next day George was convinced that at last Charlie was headed for disaster as he read the following telegram, delivered to him at the Sycamore Athletic Club where he was having lunch with the mayor.

CERTAINLY STOP HAVE ARRANGED
LOAN PEMBROKE TRUST ONE HUN-
DRED THOUSAND BERRIES STOP
SHIP ME IMMEDIATELY THOSE
SECURITIES UNCLE HAM LEFT YOU
TO PLANT AS COLLATERAL STOP
REMEMBER WHAT GENERAL GRANT
SAID AT THE BATTLE OF BUNKER
HILL QUOTE DAM THE TORPEDOES
GO AHEAD UNQUOTE

CHARLIE

George went at once to the First National and arranged for the shipment of his imposing package—which had never been opened—to Mr. Charles Pickens, care the Pembroke Savings and Trust Company, New York. Though still sceptical as to Charlie's ability to deliver the money George advised the mayor and the Chamber of Commerce that he personally would buy the required amount of Petronius stock. The mayor took charge of the publicity called for by so momentous an achievement. It was clearly a victory for his administration and would, he said, put the fear of God into those Tekoa capitalists who shied at investing money in their home town.

"I happen to know," Hendricks remarked to George, "that the First National people are going to offer you a desk in their bank but those dodoes are too slow. The Tekoa Savings and Trust is your best bet. They're all young fellows who speak our language. I know where you can pick up a block of their stock if you want it. Think it over—"

Three days later George was astonished and mystified by the notification that one hundred thousand dollars had been placed to his credit at the First National. It was incredible that his name on a note, supported only by the bonds and stocks of defunct corporations, could produce so magnificent a sum of money. But the money was real enough. Half of it he put

NOVEMBER, 1933

into Petronius Stockings; the rest he planted in Tekoa Savings and Trust stock.

When George went into the trust company office to have a new certificate issued, Barnes, the president, greeted him heartily and asked him to join the officers at lunch, which was served on the top floor of the company's building. After lunch he led George to the directors' room and produced cigars.

"We're mighty pleased," he said affably, "to have you on our list of stockholders. We'd like to have you come in with us as a vice-president of the company—make you our contact man. You could fix your job to suit yourself. You're doing a lot for this town and you're just the man to help us build for a bigger and greater Tekoa."

George blinked. Here was a job—one which he believed he could fill. But he was a fraud; a ghastly fraud! Charlie Pickens' hundred thousand would have to be paid back somehow . . . Dorothy . . . His courage rose as he thought of Dorothy.

"Mr. Barnes," he said with the solemnity the occasion demanded, "I'm impressed by the solidity of your institution and the opportunities it offers for service. I accept the place and assure you I shall make the company's interests my own."

He left the bank, jumped into a taxi and hastened to communicate the news to Dorothy. Dorothy listened calmly and produced a telegram.

"This was left here a few minutes ago by a messenger who'd chased you all over town. I thought it might be bad news so I opened it. Don't swoon—it isn't so terrible, really."

The telegram was from Miss Martha Van Cortlandt, announcing that she was leaving at once for Tekoa.

"She'll ruin me!" George moaned. "It'll be just like her to expose me."

"I think it's perfectly thrilling she's coming," said Dorothy. "We'll be awfully sweet to her and I'll get some nice old ladies to throw small, intimate teas and parties for her—"

George was quite willing that Dorothy should take charge of Aunt Martha. He never ceased marveling at Dorothy's foresight, wisdom and initiative.

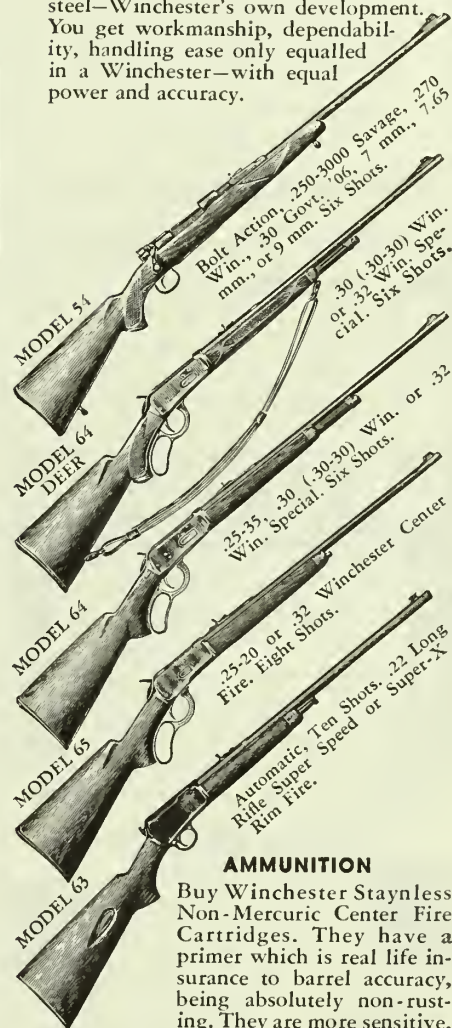
Dorothy didn't find Aunt Martha at all difficult. They got along famously and Aunt Martha was so pleased with her entertainment that she stayed a week and made no complaint of the Hotel Tekoa where George took a suite for her. Miss Van Cortlandt inspected all the charitable institutions in town, gave St. Luke's hospital ten thousand dollars and ordered a chime for St. John's church, where she attended service on Sunday, sitting between George and Dorothy in the rector's pew.

"George," she said the day before she left, "I always thought you were what I believe is vulgarly called a complete nut. I was chagrined when you didn't come back from the war at least a colonel and with a pocketful of decorations. And when I read in the newspapers that you had deserted New York (Continued on page 54)

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Keep the Troops Moving

(Continued from page 53)

to begin a career near Nature's heart I thought it would turn out to be some idiocy that would reflect unfortunately on our family."

"I'm sorry if you've been bothered about it, Aunt Martha," George replied meekly.

"I was bothered to the extent of sending my lawyer out here to investigate. He told me about Dorothy. And I got hold of Charlie Pickens and wormed the rest out of him. Frankly, I expected to find you in jail."

"Well," said George ruefully, "I may land there yet."

"Not if the fascinating mayor of this city can help it! He took me for a drive this morning and sang your praises all the way. I asked him if he'd been a soldier in the late war and he said, no, ma'am; just a Marine—a remark which puzzles me a good deal. I'm so pleased with that man I think I'll give the city a park and community house out there in the industrial section."

"That's fine, Aunt Martha," said George apprehensively. "But don't give away too much! That money Charlie Pickens borrowed for me has got to be paid back sometime."

"Charlie Pickens my hat!" exclaimed Miss Van Cortlandt with asperity. "That was my money he sent you!"

"Your money!" gasped George.

"Certainly. No bank would have lent a nickel on that lot of rubbish Hamilton left you. I burnt it and your note in my incinerator before I left home. You annoyed

Hamilton by making a fool answer to some question he asked you and he wrote a new will. He told me privately I was to give you half the two million he left me if you ever displayed any intelligence or did anything for the honor of the family. I confess your brilliant conduct in Tekoa astonishes and pleases me enormously. Now you've already had a hundred thousand which leaves nine—"

"Nine—yes; that would leave nine hundred thousand," George muttered mopping his face. Miss Van Cortlandt smiled indulgently.

"Brother Hamilton," she said, "had a queer superstition that there's some special merit in the figure nine. Those nines in your legacy were Hamilton's way of wishing you good luck."

The import of these revelations was for the moment obscured in George's mind by a sense of the unreality of the whole visible universe. Nines, indeed! His Aunt Martha and Dorothy were, he knew well enough, the only mysterious elements in his fortune. Women! No use for any man to pretend he understood them. But as George lent ear to his Aunt Martha's promise of the delivery of the nine hundred thousand, he was counting the blue stripes on the linen chair-covers. There were nine stripes on the back of each!

"Dorothy," Miss Van Cortlandt concluded, "expects us to lunch and it's late. You'd better call her up and say we've started. If you've forgotten her number it's Granger 9191."

When A Man Marries

(Continued from page 7)

from the same social set. Frequently the street addresses show that they live within a block or two, if they are not at the identical number—perhaps the same apartment building or rooming house. This is not surprising when we consider how few women a man in a large city ever meets compared with the number that he conceivably might meet.

Having met a person fairly suitable, the question of marriage itself depends on equally trifling influences. A girl who is quick to fetch an ash-tray, or who readily offers to sew on a button for a helpless young male caller, has perhaps a better chance for obtaining a marriage proposal than if she were more self-centered and less obliging. (Knowing this to be true, she may be clever enough to delude a desirable candidate by appearing much more obliging than she really is.)

Next to the element of pure chance, one of the greatest influences in determining marriages is habit. A man is inclined to marry the woman whose society has become such a fixed habit with him that he

would be uncomfortable without it. Even though he does not crave marriage at all, he may nevertheless prefer it to risking the loss of her companionship. A statistician with enough accurate information at his disposal, might compile fascinating tables of figures showing the relation between marriage proposals and the average number of calls preceding them.

Life insurance companies can foretell when an average person will marry almost as accurately as they can estimate when he will die. (If they knew enough about all the items which influence a man's marriage decision, they could probably predict not only when he would marry, but the type of girl he would select.) They know, for example, that for a young man of twenty years, the chances in favor of his surviving and being married within five years are 41.1 percent, or a little less than half. But the chances of his being alive and married within ten years are 62.8 percent, nearly two to one. For a young woman of 20, the chances of being both alive and married within five years are 50.3 percent.

Now, all such figures offered by statisticians deal in generalities. At some time in the future perhaps enough statistics will be available to enable almost anyone to apply the averages to his own situation and estimate with accuracy just how great is his danger of entering matrimony—or of missing it.

As Professor Ogburn of the University of Chicago, a student of such phenomena, has shown, much depends on the supply of either sex in any one locality. Where women greatly outnumber the men, naturally the chances for a woman to fetch in a desirable male are not so good as in a place where a woman is a comparative rarity. On the other hand, this advantage in being of the minority sex in any locality is one that does not work both ways. It is of more help to women than to men. The marrying of men seems to depend less on the nearby supply of women than the marrying of women depends on an abundance of men. In a city such as Cambridge, Massachusetts, where there are ninety men to every 100 women, just about as many men marry as in Detroit where there are 127 men to every 100 women. The explanation seems to be partly that, since men have more earning power than women, and thus hold the purse-strings, a man who wishes to marry can usually do so, regardless of how few women are immediately in his path. But there is evidence, nevertheless, that over and above these men who will marry anyhow, the number who can be taken depends on how numerous are the women. The greatest percentage of married persons is found in cities where there are about 125 women to every 100 men.

Apart from the question of mere numbers from which to make selection, one's own personal marriage probability must depend in a measure on the aggressiveness of the women with whom he is thrown. For example, a man is almost certainly in more danger of being lured into marriage if exposed to the charms of widows than if he has to withstand only the captivating qualities of women who lack previous marriage experience.

So much misinformation exists concerning espousal abilities of widows that it may be worth while to pause here to analyze a few facts and figures. To begin with, there are usually nearly twice as many widows as widowers. This greater number of widows may be explained by the simple fact that women live longer than men, and also that men usually marry women younger than themselves. Hence, on two counts, a man is likely to die before his wife.

If a man and his wife are each thirty years of age at marriage, the chances for the man to outlive his wife are only forty-eight in 100. If his wife is five years younger, then his chances are only forty in 100. When the wife is fifteen years younger than her husband, which is not a rare situation, the chances are three to one that she will become a widow. Thus, for biological reasons, most men are compelled

in the long run, to give their wives a fling at widowhood and opportunity to consider another marriage. How well do widows seize such opportunities?

In Massachusetts, where marriage figures are compiled in greater detail than in other States, the records show how many widowers married widows, and how many married maids—as well as the number of widows who married bachelors. These figures also include average ages in several groupings.

From this source we learn that more widowers than widows remarry. This must be partly due to man's great economic advantage over women. An older man, even though no Adonis, may be able to marry a highly desirable woman because of his ability to provide her with a beautiful home. But an older woman must make up for her handicap of years by personal charm. Here is where widows appear to be especially capable. Statistical evidence indicates that widows are able to excel overwhelmingly their previously unmarried competitors. Just as many widows marry between the ages of thirty-five and forty as between twenty-five and thirty. In contrast to this, we have already seen that taken generally, every five years added to a woman's life greatly reduces her marriage chances. To put it another way, a maid at forty has only *half* the marriage probability she had at thirty-five; but a widow's chances at forty are still as good as they were at thirty-five.

To test widows' attractiveness in another way, we may properly consider the kind of men widows marry. Surely, if we find that widows are notably successful in capturing husbands younger than themselves, we may accept this as an indication of superior mate-catching ability. Everyone knows the average man feels a prejudice against being married to a woman older than himself. This is especially true if he is past thirty-five. He craves youthful charm in his helpmeet. If he is nevertheless willing to marry a woman his senior, it is usually for one reason: She is so fascinating that he forgets her age.

From all this it is evident that when a man of marriageable age is exposed to the allurements of a particularly charming widow, one may safely predict, from statistical information alone, that he is in grave danger.

All such predictions might be made with much greater accuracy if one knew certain mental traits of two persons who are thrown into each other's company. A man likes a woman who thinks on most subjects as he does—which may help to explain why so many marriages are dull. Even on physical traits it is doubtful if one seeks opposites as often as is popularly believed. Dark-haired men may often prefer blondes, and an occasional tall man may choose a mate of watch-charm size; but in the long run, men are unwilling to marry women whose appearance would make the combination too conspicuous. This shows in the (Continued on page 56)

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When A Man Marries

(Continued from page 55)

reluctance of men to marry women taller than themselves. On the other hand when one does see a little shrimp of a man with an oversized wife, the chances are that she is above, rather than below, average cleverness. She had to be fairly shrewd to overcome his natural prejudice against looking as if he had been dragged to the altar by superior physical force. Indeed, the chances are that he, too, is above average intelligence. Otherwise, he wouldn't be enough of a philosopher to rise above fear of ridicule.

Just as it is possible to predict with great accuracy the age at which a man or woman is most likely to marry, it is also possible to show relative probability of marriage in one month rather than another. In order of matrimonial importance, the

twelve months rank as follows: June, October, November, September, July, February, May, August, January, April, December, March.

It is not surprising of course, to find June the banner month of matrimony, since even poets have agreed that June is in many respects the best month of the year, with nature doing its utmost to make everything attractive. Biologists know that in the human animal, the mating season, starting in early Spring, reaches its peak in May. Birth records indicate that more children are conceived in May than in any other month. But those who in March, April, or May feel the urge to be married are inclined to wait until June which, by common consent, has become the outstanding month of romance. Next to

June, October, with its gorgeous foliage, is naturally the most romantic month of the year. The comparatively low marriage rate for certain winter months is probably economic. One is more inclined to consider costs of rent and food in winter rather than in a season when, with fruit on trees, and fields of ripening grain everywhere in evidence, he might think nature has provided plenty for all.

It might be possible to go farther and compile interesting statistics to show the ages at which people are most inclined to select one month rather than another. If this were done, one might expect younger people to marry in the romantic months and older, more prudent people to select a time when economic realities demand more consideration.

My Memories of the Rainbow Division

(Continued from page 27)

so until midsummer. Ever since Germany facilitated the return of Lenin and Trotsky to Russia, enabling them to poison and ruin that noble country, the Bolsheviks had only one thought in mind: To destroy the Russian army (two brigades of which fought so bravely in the Champagne country in December, 1916), to abandon the Russian front, and then conclude an ignominious peace-at-any-price. (They actually accomplished this last in the treaty of Brest-Litovsk.) Germany was weary of war, but with Russia out of the conflict, she was able to transfer a hundred divisions to the Western Front, and she hoped by a series of staggering blows to crush us completely, to dismember France as in 1871, and then collect an indemnity of billions. She realized that this must be done, if at all, before America could mobilize her armies, transport them to France, and throw them into the battle line.

It was the famous race, already referred to, between von Hindenburg and Woodrow Wilson.

On March 21st, the Germans attacked the British front, piercing it in the direction of Amiens.

On May 27th, the French suffered serious losses in the Chemin des Dames region, and our Sixth Army was forced back to the Marne.

On June 9th, the Third French Army was compelled, after heroic resistance, to yield fifteen kilometres.

As the date of the next onslaught drew nearer, some of us began to ask if the enemy had somehow devised a foolproof system of offensive warfare, so efficient, so puissant, that it was humanly impossible to break its force and repulse it from our own

positions. As for myself, I refused to believe that the Germans had discovered the formula for an irresistible offensive; that is why, on July 7th, I issued the following order to the French and American Divisions of my command:

"We are likely to be attacked at any moment. You all realize that never has a defensive battle been waged under more favorable conditions. We are forewarned and we are on our guard. We are powerfully reinforced in artillery and in infantry. You will give battle on a terrain which, by obstinate work, you have transformed into a redoubtable fortress, an invincible fortress, if all the passages are well guarded.

"The bombardment will be terrible. You will support it without flinching. The assault will be savage, in clouds of dust, smoke and gas, but your position and your armament are formidable. In your bosoms beat the brave and strong hearts of free men. Nobody will look to the rear. Nobody will recoil a single step. Each soldier will have but one thought—to kill and to keep on killing until the enemy has had enough. I, your commanding general, say: You will break this assault and make the day a glorious one."

The sector confided to my army, roughly speaking, extended from Rheims to the Argonne forest, across the chalky plains of Champagne. In the center I had placed the Rainbow Division near the village of Vadenay. I shall never forget the physical and moral courage of the Rainbow's soldiers, nor their stubborn tenacity and disciplined enthusiasm. These qualities inspired the respect of the enemy and provoked the sincere, manly affection of the poilus of France, veterans of the Marne, of Verdun, and of the Somme. Nor shall I

ever forget the businesslike efficiency of the officers—of all ranks! With what zeal, what intelligence, what persistency did General Charles T. Menoher, divisional commander, collaborate with me in those anxious, critical days! Quite literally, he translated into reality the historic words addressed by General Pershing to Marshal Foch in March of 1918: "There is at this moment no other question than that of fighting. Infantry and artillery, all that we have is yours to dispose of as you will." I took him at his word; I disposed of the 83d and 84th Infantry Brigades (commanded respectively by Generals M. J. Lenihan and Robert A. Brown) and of the 67th Artillery Brigade (led by General George G. Gatley) as I thought best; to each I assigned its respective terrain with orders to stay put, to retreat not a single inch! It took heroism, it took bloodshed, it took sacrifice, but that order was obeyed with absolute literalness.

My comrades of La Rainbow must recall, as I do, those calm, tranquil days, those warm July nights which preceded and foretold the approaching storm of flame and steel. Never before and never since have I had a profounder impression of the entrancing beauty of the French countryside, with its silence and peace, as during mid-July 1918. The harvest was superb; a clear, summer sun painted woods and plains with glory; the nights were serene. A veritable paradise—had it not been for the war. No sound disturbed the apparent peacefulness of the scene; I say apparent for, by putting our ears to the ground, we could recognize from across No Man's Land a distant but definite rumbling of military trains, wagons and (Continued on page 58)

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My Memories of the Rainbow Division

(Continued from page 56)

trucks, bringing forward the men, munitions and rations necessary for a formidable offensive. In a brief space of time, we knew, this far-away rumbling would be transformed into the terrific tempest of an artillery fire such as the world had never known before.

THE enemy's purpose was self-evident. He planned to launch a colossal assault on the Champagne front, break through the French and American troops, thereby cutting the French front in two at the center, separating Eastern France from the rest of the French armies; and then, master of the two banks of the Marne, he would march nach Paris. Such was his purpose, but the reality turned out to be quite different. The unbridled confidence of the Germans was such that they flattered themselves they could attain Châlons and the Marne by nightfall of July 15th. They had even distributed beforehand the military supplies stored in Châlons between their various quartermasters.

All the while, in the French trenches and behind the lines, we had not been idle. For six months, we had been actively and methodically constructing what proved to be an uncapturable fortress. From July 1st our troops were on the qui vive, confidently awaiting the battle. Following out the tactical plan of Marshal Pétain, our soldiers were ready, on a moment's notice, to retire from the front to an intermediate line of resistance, a mile and a half to the rear, where the real battle was to be staged. Here our troops were out of the range of the enemy's heavy artillery, also of his minenwerfers.

Intentionally, the front line was left undefended, a trap into which the Germans fell. From prisoners it was learned that the enemy soldiers anxiously asked each other, "What do these trenches empty of defenders mean?" Only a few men were kept in the advanced trenches, their chief duty being to signal by red rockets that the German infantry had gone "over the top." To break the initial violence of the assault, we had established "islands of resistance," manned by detachments of veterans, who crossed their fire in the territory included between the front line and the resistance positions.

During the night of July 14th-15th, for the third time, the alert was sounded and our troops—French and American—assumed their pre-determined battle positions. Ever since the end of June there had been plenty of credible and pertinent evidence that the anticipated holocaust would speedily be breaking over the Champagne region. Fortunately, we were prepared, as regards munitions, defenses, and morale; further, Marshal Pétain had sent us necessary reinforcements—in infantry and artillery.

So, the date for the *Friedensturm* drew near when the supreme attack would be launched. Every German soldier knew of it, spoke of it, dreamed of it. In a captured German diary, we found this significant, revelatory entry: "Tomorrow, *at last*, the day of glory dawns, as the German armies launch the final offensive which leads to victory." But the enemy had not foreseen the invincible heroism of the Fourth Army, included in which was the Rainbow Division.

9 p.m., July 14. With courage and skill, a French reconnaissance party penetrates the front-line trenches of the enemy, capturing a number of prisoners. There is no longer any doubt about it; the attack is coming *this night*.

10:30 p.m. I give the order for all our artillery, heavy and light, to begin firing.

12:10 a.m., July 15. The German front is on fire. More than two thousand German batteries begin to belch smoke and iron. Shells burst along the entire front, some of them falling in Châlons, about twenty miles to the rear. Villages are destroyed; trees are uprooted; trenches are smashed; paths, bridges and roads are blasted out of existence. Large-sized projectiles roar through the air. Terrific crashes are heard as they explode. Gas! Gas! Gas! and we put on our masks. Minenwerfers whistle down upon us. And so the carnage continues through the night.

4:20 a.m. The enemy leaps from his trenches and begins the attack. Immediately, rockets, pigeons and telephones signal the event.

BEWILDERED by our undefended front line trenches, the enemy infantrymen (constantly under Allied artillery fire) advance, without knowing of the "resistance islands." Each island is a tiny fortress which must be taken if the forward movement is to continue. With grenades, with rifle fire, with machine guns, our soldiers repulse the assault. Attacked by cross-fire from the "resistance islands," the German push is retarded; the torrent breaks into a thousand brooks; the enemy troops get out of step with their own artillery barrage, and when they finally reach the line of resistance, they dash themselves in vain against an unbreakable wall. Seven times they attack the front of the Rainbow infantry; seven times the French divisions are assaulted, but the wall remains impregnable. A human Gibraltar! Nothing can budge it! Incessantly, Allied artillery and Allied machine guns keep up their murderous fire, wreaking havoc in the enemy's ranks. The *Friedensturm* has failed. Victory has changed sides.

On the morrow, in my order of the day, I addressed my French and American soldiers as follows:

"You have repulsed the offensive of

fifteen German divisions, supported by ten others. They were ordered to reach the Marne during the evening. You stopped them dead—on the line where we decided to fight and to gain the battle. You have the right to be proud. It is a hard blow for the enemy. It is a glorious day for France. I count upon you that it will always be so every time they dare attack you. With all my soldier heart, I thank you."

In his book, *America's Part*, General Reilly quotes the order of Marshal von Hindenburg, issued on the evening of July 16, 1918, directing the Crown Prince "to stop the German troops' bleeding to death against the Fourth French Army." Certainly, this is conclusive if unwilling evidence, from an enemy source, that on July 15, 1918, we accomplished what we set out to do. We repulsed his offensive, we broke his morale, we made it impossible for him to attack again.

HONOR and glory to all those lads, from Brittany and Indiana, from Provence and Minnesota, who made this result possible. After all, of what use are fortification and barbed wire entanglements; of what use carefully camouflaged artillery and ingenious traps for the enemy; of what use I ask, would all this have been without the will to conquer or die which animated poilu and Rainbow soldier alike? This will to win was exemplified by daring acts of bravery, on the main line of resistance and in the "sacrifice islands;" the soldiers of La Rainbow proved themselves to be worthy sons of the heroes commanded by Grant and Lee.

Courageously disdaining all personal danger, officers and men thought only of beating the enemy; eager, courageous fighters, they stood the gaff like veterans; stubborn enemy attacks only doubled and tripled their determination to be victorious.

I have space for only a few names: Private Christenberry of the 167th Alabama Infantry; Corporal Reid of the 151st Field Artillery; Sergeant O'Neil of the "New York Irish" 165th Infantry; Lieutenant Vaughn of the 166th Ohio Infantry; Private Cummings of the 149th Field Artillery; and the Trench Mortar Battery from Baltimore which stood fast until all their mortars had been destroyed or buried by the enemy's fire. And yet I have a certain reluctance in mentioning these names for I know there are many others, equally courageous, but obscure and unknown who performed similar acts of heroism "known but to God," if I may quote the beautiful inscription on the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier in your Arlington Cemetery.

An American journalist once remarked "Although General Gouraud is a bachelor he has a glorious paternity: that of the

Rainbow Division." He meant it as a gracious compliment, and I accept it as such. For I am intensely proud of my Rainbow sons, and my affectionate admiration for them still increases with every passing year.

When I can, I visit them and attend their reunions; indeed, it seems to bring me good luck although that, I protest, is not the reason for my visits. Back in 1923, while visiting with some of them in Kansas City, I received a cablegram informing me that I had been named Military Governor of Paris, certainly the first and only one ever to receive such notification in the United States.

Perhaps, if Providence permits, some day I shall have the joy of visiting my

"sons of the Rainbow" once again. For the fraternity of arms, born on the fields of Champagne, still persists, stronger and more beautiful than ever. And when my Rainbow sons come to Paris, I trust they will call upon me at the Invalides. Yes! I am a busy man; grave responsibilities weigh heavily upon my shoulders; my moments of leisure are limited; but I shall always find time to shake the hand of, and to exchange a few words with, a veteran of the Rainbow.

The reason is simply this: I shall never forget, nor can France, the inestimable service which the 42d American Division rendered to my country, and to all free peoples, in those critical, dangerous days of mid-July fifteen years ago.

The 11th Hour, Day, Month

(Continued from page 38)

to Brest. Just previously, the *Courtney* began to leak badly and increased until the pumps and all other available means were unable to keep the water out. Assistance was requested from the U. S. S. *Marietta*. An attempt was made to tow the *Courtney* which proved futile and the vessel was abandoned in a sinking condition in Latitude 48:07 North, Longitude 5:20 West. All officers and crew had been taken from the ship by the U. S. S. *Teresa*.

"At 5:13 P. M., the *Teresa* drifted down upon the *Courtney* using oil to calm the sea in their lee. But at 7:08 P. M., the same night, the *Courtney* sank stern first with bow high in the air.

"The *Douglas* during the same stress of weather began leaking badly and at 5:00 P. M., on the 27th, the engineer reported that it was impossible to work the pumps as the water had reached such a height as to extinguish the fires in the boilers. All available means were used to free the ship of water but they proved wholly ineffective.

"The ship was turned around and headed toward the U. S. S. *Teresa* so as to get into the lee of that vessel. Before, however, this was accomplished, the ship's boiler shifted carrying away the main fuel pipe. The water continued to pour into the vessel and she began to open up. The crew was ordered to prepare to abandon ship. The Commanding Officer of the *Douglas* asked the Commanding Officer of the *Teresa* to come alongside and take the ship in tow. Although he was unable to take the *Douglas* in tow, the men were safely transferred to the *Teresa* without loss or injury, and the *Douglas* was abandoned in a sinking condition. She went down about 10:25 P. M. that night."

WE SUBMIT an I. and O. Report—Intelligence and Operations—on a case which had its origin in Belleau Wood in July, 1918, and was successfully con-

cluded in Grove City, Pennsylvania, last June.

It all started with this letter written by Walter Fallstrom, Commander of Dixon (Illinois) Post of the Legion, some time last April:

"I have been going to write to you for more than fourteen years to ask you a question. Sometime in July, 1918, I found a company flag of the old 16th Pennsylvania National Guard. I found this flag sticking in the ground a little ways from Belleau Wood. I would like to know what town in Pennsylvania that company came from, so that I can return it to the Legion post there. I rented a safety deposit box ten years ago so that nothing could happen to the flag. I get to Pennsylvania every year and would like to return the flag. On it appears: 'M, Pa., 16th'."

An exceptionally good history of the 28th Division was within reach and it was only the work of a few moments to learn that Company M, 16th Infantry, Pennsylvania National Guard, was composed of men of Grove City, Pennsylvania, and that after the 28th Division was organized, the 16th became the 112th Infantry and Company M retained its identity as representative of Grove City. This information went promptly to Commander Fallstrom. Three months later, Fallstrom wrote again:

"Enclosed you will find a picture of myself and the company flag about which I wrote to you. I was in Grove City, Pennsylvania, on June 26th and at that time and through the Grove City Post of the Legion, presented this flag to the National Guard unit to which it belonged. It is now known as Headquarters Company, 112th Pennsylvania National Guard.

"I had a talk with Captain McCoy, who took the company to France. He told me he had not seen the flag since the company was made into Company M of the 112th. He has no idea who could have taken the flag to France. It (Continued on page 60)

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A Man, helpless, unable to stand or walk, yet was riding horseback and playing tennis within a year. An Old Lady of 72 years, suffered for many years, was helpless, found relief. A Little Child, paralyzed, was playing about the house in 3 weeks. A Rail Road man, dragged under a switch engine and his back broken, reports instant relief and ultimate cure. We have successfully treated over fifty-nine thousand cases in the past 30 years.



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Wash., D. C. Estab. 1869

Numerous Legionnaire References

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Size	Rim	Tires	Tubes
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29x4.50-20	2.35	0.85	
30x4.50-18	2.40	0.85	
28x4.75-19	2.45	0.95	
29x4.75-20	2.50	0.95	
29x5.00-19	2.65	1.05	
30x5.00-20	2.80	1.05	
28x5.25-18	2.95	1.15	
29x5.25-19	3.15	1.15	
30x5.25-20	3.25	1.15	
31x5.50-19	3.35	1.15	
30x5.50-18	3.40	1.15	
31x5.50-20	3.45	1.15	
32x5.50-21	3.65	1.25	
32x5.50-22	3.75	1.35	

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32x4	2.55	0.85
33x4	2.65	0.95
34x4 1/2	2.75	1.05
34x4 1/2	2.85	1.15
35x4 1/2	2.95	1.15
35x4 1/2	3.05	1.25
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**AMERICAN
RED CROSS**

The 11th Hour, Day, Month

(Continued from page 59)

had no business in France and how it got to Belleau Wood was a mystery to him.

AT THE time of going to press, the national convention of the Legion in Chicago is still a week in the future, so we are unable to report which city will entertain the 1934 national convention. But we wager that a great majority of the more than a hundred veterans' organizations holding reunions in Chicago, will follow the Legion to its next convention city. Announcements of 1934 convention reunions will appear in this column as soon as the Company Clerk is notified about them.

Information regarding reunions and other activities of veterans' organizations must be received by the Company Clerk at least six weeks prior to the month in which the activity is scheduled, in order that announcements may appear in this column. Coming events follow:

THIRD DIV. SOCIETY—All who send name, address and outfit number to G. B. Dubois, 1239-30th st., N. W., Washington, D. C., will receive copy of *The Watch on the Rhine*.

28TH DIV.—Hq., Society of the 28th Div. has been removed from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh, Pa. Col. John H. Shenkel, pres., Wm. G. Blough, secy-treas., P. O. Box 111, Homewood Sta., Pittsburgh.

35TH DIV.—*Pictorial History of the 35th Division in the World War* is now ready for distribution. Two dollars. Send orders to R. L. Carter, 1218 Olive st., St. Louis, Mo.

RAINBOW DIV. VETS.—*The Rainbow Reveille* is your magazine; write for free copy, stating your company and regiment. K. A. Sutherland, editor, P. O. Box 297, Sta. C, Los Angeles, Calif.

91ST DIV. ASSOC., NO. CALIF. SECTOR—For roster, send names, also news of comrades, to Secy. Albert G. Ross, 624 Market st., San Francisco, Calif.

91ST DIV. ASSOC., WASHINGTON STATE—To complete roster, send names and addresses to Jules E. Markow, 201 County-City bldg., Seattle, Wash.

328TH INF. ASSOC.—Annual dinner at Rosoff's, 43d st., just east of Broadway, New York City, Sat. night, Nov. 25. Dr. William Blumenthal, 311 Newes st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

348TH INF.—Veterans of regiment at Camp Pike, Camp Dix or in A. E. F., send names, addresses and company to which assigned to W. J. Adler, 3581 Fulton rd., Cleveland, Ohio. Proposed reunion on night of November 11th.

52D PIONEER INF., CO. I—14th annual reunion, New York City, Nov. 11. All 52d men invited. N. J. Brooks, 2 W. 45th st., Room 801, New York, N. Y.

6TH F. A. (incl. BTRY. K, 1st ART., and BTRY. B, 4TH ART.; also 2d, 7th, 20th, 21st, 22d and 25th SEP. BTRIES, of F. A. prior to 1907.)—Complete history of 6th F. A., including earlier units, from 1798, is ready for publication. All veterans interested, write to Capt. John H. Bye, adj., 6th F. A., Fort Hoyle, Md.

148TH F. A.—Reunion, Denver, Colo., night, Nov. 11. T. T. Houston, secy., 148th F. A. Assoc., Room 140, State House, Denver.

22D REGT. VETERANS (102D ENGRS.)—Veterans of 22d Regt. (Inf.), 22d Regt. (Engrs.), and 102d Engrs. are urged to send names, addresses, organizations, and all data relating to service or the organization to Col. Edwin W. Dayton, 734 Lexington av., New York City, for use in compiling history of regiment.

107TH ENGRS. 32d Div.—4th annual reunion, Milwaukee, Wis., Nov. 11. Jos. Hrdlick, secy., 2209 N. 41st st., Milwaukee.

110TH ENGRS.—*The Santa Fe Trail Leads to France*, a narrative of battle service of the 110th

Engrs., 35th Div., by Capt. Edward P. Rankin, Jr., may be obtained from the author at 106 S. Myrtle av., Monrovia, Calif.

U. S. NAV. AIR STA., PAULLAC, FRANCE—All ex-gobs, gold stripes and Master Masons are requested to write to Ernest W. Anderson, R. R. 2, Box 519, Kansas City, Kans., to start a letter reunion.

U. S. NAV. AIR STA., PORTO CORSINO, ITALY—Proposed reunion of all officers and men. D. Edward Leport, Box 99, Fayville, Mass.

U. S. S. Lakeport—Proposed reunion and organization. Frank A. (Speed) Hanley, 16 Fordham court, Albany, N. Y.

U. S. S. Minnesota—Proposed reunion and dinner. Chas. F. Bowman, 348 Patriot st., Somerset, Pa.

U. S. S. Rochester—Reunion of wartime crew, Bergonian Hotel, Seattle, Wash., Sat., Nov. 4, 1933. John Ross, chmn., 328 N. 74th st., Seattle.

U. S. ARMY AMB. SERV. ASSOC.—To complete roster, all veterans report to E. C. Kemp, 6 Beacon st., Boston, Mass., or Wilbur P. Hunter, 5315 Chestnut st., Philadelphia, Pa.

BASE HOSP. No. 116—15th annual reunion, Hotel McAlpin, New York City, Nov. 11. Dr. Torr W. Harmer, 416 Marlborough st., Boston, Mass.

MARINES: BARNETT MEMORIAL FUND COMM.—All officers and men are invited to contribute to fund to erect a memorial to the late Major General

George Barnett, in the Washington (D. C.) Cathedral. Lt. Col. Chas. R. Sanderson, A. Q. M., U. S. M. C., Hq., Navy bldg., Washington, D. C.

THE GREGORIAN MILITARY AND NAVAL CLUB, 42 West 35th st., New York City, is extending its club facilities to all members of the Army & Navy Club of America. Gen. John J. Bradley, (ret.), chmn., exec. comm., 42 W. 35th st., New York City.

A. I. F.—All ex-members of the A. I. F., residing outside of Australia, are requested to report to H. D. Hadfield, Editor, *Reveille*, official publication of the Returned Sailors and Soldiers' Imperial League of Australia, Wingello House, Angel Place, Sydney, Australia.

WHILE we are unable to conduct a general missing persons column, we stand ready to assist in locating men whose statements are required in support of various claims. Queries and responses should be directed to the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, 600 Bond Building, Washington, D. C. The committee wants information in the following cases:

BASE HOSP. No. 105, Ft. BENJ. HARRISON, IND., and BASE HOSP. No. 65, A. P. O. 716, KERCHON, FRANCE—Capt. Geo. THOMAS, Pmts. Wm. E. THOMPSON (Okla.), Vernon GEORGE (Tex.), Toy Lee BROWN and Curtis McKEE (Okla.), Sgt. Oswald (Daddy) SHEPPARD (Ga.) and others who recall Lioward E. BROTHERS suffering from flu.

359TH INF., Co. B, 90TH DIV.—Marion A. (Pinkie) CLARK needs statements from Edgar LORANCE of 12th Constr. Co., Aviation; Benj. BATES and James BATES, 359th Sup. Co., 19th Div.; James FISHER and Geo. E. VINCHER, Co. B, 359th Inf., and Harvey HINTON, 3d Bn., 359th Inf., to support claim account ear disability.

23D INF., Co. K, also BASE HOSP. No. 33 and 36, A. E. F.—Capt. MARTIN, M. C. (from Louisiana), Lt. LEGGE (who lost leg), "Pop" VIGUIER, BUCKOWSKI and others who remember that Cpl. Stanley C. (Peapicker) COWDEN was sent to hospital in France.

6TH F. A., BTRY. E, 1ST DIV.—Capt. Bartow H. HALL to support disability claim of Guy C. DEAN.

350TH INF., Co. A, 88TH DIV., A. E. F.—Former comrades and doctors who recall Artha E. HARRIS suffering with heart and nervous troubles at Naix, France, about Dec. 1, 1918.

U. S. SUB-CHASER No. 197—Thomas J. LAWLER, seaman, 2d cl., Robert J. LARDNER and others to support claim of Abel HUGHES.

JONES, David James, born Nov. 29, 1895, Allen County, Ind., enlisted Feb. 23, 1918, Haver Mont.; to Vancouver Barracks, served with 104th Spruce Sqdrn. and 9th Co., Cas. Det., Aviation; discharged Portland, Ore., Jan. 4, 1919. In logging business. Compensation due him. Missing since Mar., 1919.

5TH ANTI-AIRCRAFT M. G. BN.—Harold GREEN, formerly of Chicago, who assisted Fred E. LAYNE to enter for treatment in France.

MADIGAN, Martin J., former color sgt., Hq. Co., 18th Inf., missing for four years. Information anted regarding him and statements from former comrades who recall head injury he received in combat service.

SQDRN. No. 6, NAVAL AVIATION, PENSACOLA, FLA.—William D. MILLER (Chevy Chase, Md.), carpenter's mate 1st cl., Mach. Mate PARIS (Tex.), and insign ALEXANDER to assist Josiah McCORD.

5TH DIV., 165TH DEPOT BRGDE.—Willie E. BURNS,eroy Moore and O. K. STEVENS to assist Jesse W. JON.

CAMP JACKSON, S. C., July-Dec., 1918—Sgt. Jasper ARLESL, discharged Camp Custer, Mich., Dec. 31, 1918, lived in Cleveland, to assist Elmer S. BROSIUS.

1ST CONST. BL. CO., CAMP 40, AMERICAN REST CAMP, KNOTT ASH, LIVERPOOL, ENG.—Men who recall Sgt. Thomas B. O'BRIEN having ears treated daily at hospital for thirty days, Feb., 1919.

BASE HOSP., CAMP SHELBY, HATTESBURG, MISS., 1918, and U. S. GEN. HOSP. No. 21, DENVER, COLO., 1918-9—Miss STAMPS, nurse at Camp Shelby, and gt. HAUN and Francis SWAN, patients in No. 21, who recall disability of Walter L. PHILLIPS.

128TH INF., Co. M, 32d Div., A. E. F.—Statement on corporal who helped Paul PRATHER, company inner, carry Pvt. PHILLIPS wounded in foot and shoulder) from first aid station to field hospital during ght of Nov. 10, 1918. Area was gassed and the corporal put his gas mask on wounded man, PRATHER coming ill at time from gas.

U. S. S. *Chatham*, May-July, 1918—Pharmacist's late, 1st cl., (probably Douglas D'MARE) and others ho recall disability to Charles RATNER.

ROBERT, Andrew M., 53 yrs old, about 5 ft. 8 in., ght brown hair, painter by trade. Veteran. Left Paso, Tex., early part of 1925 to make headquarters in Houston, Tex., and paint stations on route of uthern Pacific Railroad. Missing.

30TH ART., C. A. C., BTRY. F.—Former George F. eluding Cpl. Arthur SCOR (C), who recall George F. irth falling from Army truck at Camp Eustis, Va., et. 15-30, 1918, when truck stopped suddenly while turning soldiers from fighting forest fire near camp.

130TH INF., Co. A, 38TH DIV.—Cpls. BURTON and EEM, Pvs. WARREN, BARBER, LONG, SNODGRASS,

CHURCHILL and others who recall Corbett STAPLETON contracting flu while on ship en route to A. E. F., Oct., 1918, and being unable to get into ship's hospital account crowded condition.

73D ART., C. A. C., 1ST BN. HQ.—1st Lt. CARTER, Pvs. Leo FRANCIS BULLOCK, George VANN, Arthur L. ALGRIN and others who recall Pvt. Homer J. VAUGHN being ill with flu on ship, Oct., 1918, lying on deck unconscious, and being taken to hospital in Liverpool, Eng., after landing.

BARKER, Sam, ex-seaman, 2d cl., U. S. Navy, returned to mother's home, discharged Danville, Ill., and left there in Dec., 1921, to find work in Chicago. Missing since that date.

U. S. NAVAL BASE, CARDIFF, WALES—Walter JOHNSON (of Waltham, Mass.), seaman, and others who recall Edward Owen GIVEN contracting pneumonia while billeted in Angel Hotel, Cardiff, when base was established there.

37TH INF., Co. E, later 39TH INF., Co. M—Former members who recall Pvt. Joseph GERARD, Jr., (enlisted at Butler, Pa.), being gassed while in service. Gerard died several months ago and widow and three small children need assistance.

BASE HOSP., TOURS, FRANCE—Statement from a nurse who may recall Ance P. MASSEY, 30th Co., 20th Engrs., as patient. This nurse informed him he had tuberculosis and that he should not return to his outfit, but permit them to send him home on hospital ship.

CAMP HOSP. No. 33, BASE SEC. No. 5, A. E. F.—Mess SGT. PIERCE, Sgt. Frank GRIFFITH, Cpl. Troy GEORGE, Pvs. Harold MURRAY and Joe FREEMAN to assist A. M. WATKINS.

158TH CO., 15TH REGT. MARINES—Roy R. RANDALL, formerly of Denver, Colo., to assist William Louise RUPATIS.

U. S. S. *Henderson*, Mayrant, Von Steuben or Paul Jones—Rescued men of U. S. S. *Henderson* fire at sea, July 2, 1918, who may recall Frank J. SHENESKY, Unit No. 9, U. S. N. Air Serv., while sliding down life line to rescue vessel being struck by man above him, losing grip on line and falling thirty feet to deck of destroyer. Medical officer on U. S. S. *Von Steuben*, to which rescued were transferred, bandaged his stomach and chest.

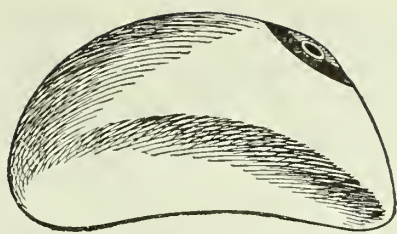
JOHN J. NOLL
The Company Clerk

G. L. U. E.

(Continued from page 11)

nature sho' is wonderful. Dat goat been eatin' dem rubber plants an' widout knowin' it he solved one of de world's greatest problems—where at to git rubber. Look at dis!" The speaker reached into his coat pocket and hauled out a tangled mass of rubber filaments. "Look at Exhibit Number One. Dat's a handful of goat hair picked at random often dat animal's carcass. Take ahold of dat goat hair, stretch it, pull it around—see kin you tell any difference 'twixt it and regular rubber. You realize what Lady Luck is done wid de help of me an' Nature? She is laid a fortune at yo' feet. All you got to do is stoop an' pick it up. Figger out de rubber crop us kin cut off de backs of a thousan' goats. Figger a million goats! Befo' de sun sets tonight us gwine to have de Goat Lovers Universal Enterprise organized an' in full runnin' condition. Demmy, you got to be de Manager. Wilecat, I wants you to take complete charge of all de financial responsibilities besides bein' President. You gwine to be President an' Treasurer. I makes de third an' last Soopreme Official. De 'nitiation fees is ten dollars. Everybody got to pay in ten dollars dues. Right now dey's a thousan' men in dis town whut would join de enterprise in five minutes did dey realize de size of de profits. It pays us big money right from de start, to say nuthin' of de millions dat de goat rubber brings in when we sell de crop. Dat's de proposition. Dey is Gold in Goats—dat's my slogan!"

"Blia-a!" Thus, (Continued on page 62)



ARTIFICIAL EYES

Reinforcement Prevents Easy Breakage. Properly fitted, prevent detection and irritation. . . LOWER PRICE!

We send an assortment by mail to select from in your home. No security required. Over 100,000 eyes on hand so we can suit anyone. Largest stock on earth. Over a quarter of a century in business. Eyes blown to order. Send us the name of any one you know that wears an eye, for free booklet that explains all about how we fit by mail around the world. This ad may not appear again, so do it NOW, and save money and trouble.

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Rush to me full particulars regarding coming Third Class Postmaster examinations and preference to ex-service men.

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What SHE TOLD WORN-OUT HUSBAND

SHE could have reproached him for his fits of temper—his "fall in" complaints. But wisely she saw in his frequent colds, his "fagged out," "on edge" condition the very trouble she herself had whipped. Constipation! The very morning after taking NR (Nature's Remedy), as she advised, he felt like himself again—keenly alert, peppy, cheerful. NR—the safe, dependable, all-vegetable laxative and corrective—works gently, thoroughly, naturally. It stimulates the eliminative tract to complete, regular functioning. Non-habit-forming. Try a box to-night. 25c—at druggists'.

FREE! New gold & blue 1934 Calendar-Thermometer—samples NR and Tums. Send name, address, stamp to A. H. LEWIS CO., Desk S4-61, St. Louis, Missouri

NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.

G. L. U. E.

(Continued from page 61)

swallowing a nutritious morsel of newspaper, Lily voiced the first criticism of Honeytone's prospectus.

Seemingly blind to nature's wonders, "Whut's de name of dis lodge?" the Wildcat asked.

"Us calls de organization de Goat Lovers Universal Enterprise."

"How you gwine to git de brethren to join? Ain't many of 'em owns many goats."

"Wilecat, dey 'filiates mighty rapid when dey hears 'bout de social ruckus dat us instigates tonight."

"Where it gwine to be?"

"I pervides a hall down on Second Avenue all ready for dat business. It's got chairs an' tables waitin' right dere on de floir. Used to be a night club till de percent beer flooded it out. You boys come long wid me whilst us rents de place an' gits it opened up. By eig'ht o'clock tonight de place gwine to be loaded wid worthy candidates. Come along an' come a-runnin'. Fetch dat goat wid you. Us got to make a demonstratin' goat out of Lily in case any of de skeptick folks hangs back when de time comes to pay de 'nitiation fee. Ain't got time to go down to Salinas an' git dat natural rubber goat whut I rescued out of de underbrush. Lily kin play de part fust class for de time bein'. Come along. Bring dat goat wid you. Us is headed for de woods where every leaf on every tree is a ten dollar bill."

AT SIX o'clock that night in the back room of the defunct speakeasy that Honeytone Boone had rented, the three charter members of the Goat Lovers Universal Enterprise went into executive session. "Us got to work fast," Honeytone advised. "De brethren gwine to come driftin' in befo' long. Hand me dat can of glue, Wilecat. Gimme dat little paint brush whilst I shows Demmy whut he got to do."

Honeytone dipped the end of a one-inch varnish brush into the open can of glue. To Demmy, "Take a little smidgin of dis glue on de end of de brush. dis way, Demmy, an' touch it onto Lily—like dat. You handle de glue whilst I applies de rubber wool whut I picked off dat Salinas goat."

From an ample supply of rubber filaments the trio began the task of adding a shaggy rubber overcoat to Lily's natural covering. A dab of glue from Demmy's brush, a tuft of rubber—and thus bit by bit the transformation was accomplished, until, "Dat's dat," Honeytone declared. "Don't let Lily eat none of dat rubber. He's covered complete at de present time an' he's got to stay covered complete until after I makes my rubber bearin' goat speech. Soon as de 'nitiation money starts rollin' in, Lily kin eat hisself plumb naked, but in de meantime de success of de Goat Lovers Universal Enterprise depends on dat goat. I comes back inside of a hour

followed by de inrollin' tide of de brethren whut craves to join us. Befo' I goes de Soopreme Treasurer will hereby un-budget de sum of ten dollars for additional promotion expense money."

After Honeytone was out of sight, "How much does dat last ten dollars cut you down to?" Demmy asked, attempting a mental audit of the afternoon's expenses.

"Demmy, right at dis minute us got a measly old three dollars left. Add it up in yo' head. Us starts out wid a hundred an' forty dollars. De rent on dis place cut it down to a hundred an' ten dollars. General expenses wuz five dollars. Den Honeytone had some more general expenses dat took fifty dollars. He took forty dollars for de refreshments and on top of dat he just now gits ten dollars."

"I figgers dat's about correct," Demmy decided. "Seems like Honeytone's expenses et up most of your money."

"Nemmine, Demmy. From whut Honeytone says dey's a hundred dollars gwine to take de place of every dollar us spent. When dat—Doggone you, Lily! Look at dat goat munchin' a mouthful of his rubber overcoat! Goat, spit out dat rubber befo' I busts you in de head wid dis glue can!"

"Blaa-a!" Lily's reluctance at disgorging the wisp of rubber was overcome after a sharp struggle.

"Paste dat rubber back onto dat goat's hind leg, Demmy," the Wildcat ordered. "Wait a minute whilst I holds dat goat . . . Now go ahead an' glue de rubber on to dat bare spot."

To Lily, "You hold back on dat appetite," Demmy advised. "Here you is, goat. Here's a handful of corks for you to chomp on. Eat dese corks, but git yo' mind offen dat rubber banquit whut us took so much trouble to festoon you wid. Be a good goat an' mebbe I boons you wid a plug of chewin' tobacco."

THE Goat Lovers Universal Enterprise was launched on a high tide of gin and oratory. Running along at first with his tonsils in low gear, Honeytone lubricated his vocal organs with a slug of gin and shifted to high.

"Dere wuz dat poor little goat pullin' hisself out of de underbrush wid his hair all tangled up in de bushes," he recounted. "Dere he wuz, pullin' his way out an' a-flyin' back, draggin' hisself onward to freedom an' gitin' socked back into de deep tangled wildwood every time his foot slipped. Brethren, dat teaches us a good lesson—no matter how hard you struggles yo' foot gwine to slip now an' then. Right at dat minute when yo' foot slips an' when you loses everything you got, whut could be more pleasant dan to realize dat one share in de Goat Lovers Universal Enterprise will put you back on yo' feet financial within thirty days of date. De preliminary

issue of one million superinflation shares pays one hundred percent interest once a month. You takes yo' choice—a free an' independent life wid de money rollin' in, or else hard labor for de guvment plantin' trees wid one hand an' diggin' 'em up wid de other from morn till night."

Honeytone bathed his vocabulary with another copious slug of gin. He turned to the Wildcat. "Worthy Treasurer, kindly withdraw to the sanatorium where dat demonstration goat is on file an' bring him out so de brothers kin see de four legged foundation of dey pussional fortunes. Bring forth de rubberized exhibit!"

When Lily had been led out, "Stand him up on de table," Honeytone directed. "Let all de brethren see whut Nature kin do in de miraculous latitudes of California. Folks, dere's a goat jus' like any other goat 'ceptin' he is got rubber blood in him. Usin' dat goat for breedin' purposes, in no time at all us owns an' controls all de rubber perdoocin' goats in de world. Feel dat goat! Satisfy yo'self dat Nature has rubberized his raiment, den pay yo' money an' git yo' receipt in full. Ten dollars a share, brothers! Form de line on de left. Feel de goat an' den git de certificate dat makes you shareholders of de Goat Lovers Universal Enterprise!"

IN SPITE of glittering promises, there was a scarcity of ten dollar candidates. Only eleven members of the congregation had signed up when it became evident that more refreshments would be required.

"Git out an' round up two more jugs of gin," Honeytone directed, addressing the Wildcat. "Lemme audit dat financial income whilst you is gone. Ain't no use marchin' de streets wid dat much money. Here you is. Take back dis ten dollar bill an' apply it to de refreshment fund." Honeytone returned a bank note from the stack of currency that the Wildcat surrendered. "Hot foot after dat gin!"

When the Wildcat returned with the gin, "Honeytone went out to 'cumulate some music," Demmy announced. "He gwine to git a banjo boy an' some man whut plays de slip-horn to liven things up."

"Looks to me like dis outfit don't need much livenin' up," the Wildcat commented. "Three crap games goin' at de present minute. Two homemade quartets makin' de night noisy wid music. How long Honeytone been gone?"

"Bout ten minutes. He said it might take him half an hour to find dem boys."

The half hour passed without any sign of Honeytone. Presently, "Wilecat, dem last two jugs of gin had a kick in 'em!" Demmy commented. "Hot dog! Look at dat boy handle his feet. Never seed a dancin' man so agile in my life! Lissen at dem four quartets singin' all different at de same time!"

"Dat singin' ain't whut agitates me," the

Wildcat answered. "I don't feel no singin' in my bosom. The thing whut downtrods me is de fact dat I kain't git into none of dem crap games! Settin' here just like a corpse at a funeral. Wish Honeytone come back wid de cash capital so us could—Whut dem men doin' to dat mascot goat?"

Calling across the room, "You folks lay offen dat little goat!" the Wildcat ordered. "Whut you mean deprivin' him of his raiment like you wuz pickin' a chicken!"

A burly shareholder of the Goat Lovers Universal Enterprise volunteered as spokesman for a riot that had burst around Lily. The heavyweight was equipped with double sized fists and in each fist he held a mammoth tuft of shredded rubber that he had reaped from Lily's ornamental exterior. "Dis looks like a swindle to me!" the giant bellowed. "How come one little splash of gin kin wash dis here rubber wool offen dat goat? He ain't even waterproof! Dis rubber wool been glued on to—"

"Git to de back door, Wilcat!" Demmy advised. "He's headin' for you! I gits Lily an' joins you at de back door."

Three seconds later Demmy's argument for the defense sunk without a trace. Over it there swept a battle cry that shook the rafters. He abandoned his battle tactics. He dived for Lily and with the kicking mascot under his left arm he plunged through a milling mob of black humanity en route to the back door. He overtook the escaping Wildcat six feet from the door. "Pull dat 'lectric switch up on de wall!

Nobody kain't find nobody in de dark!" The Wildcat grabbed at the light switch. Then, followed by Demmy and the be-draggled goat he dived through the back door of the Goat Lovers Universal Enterprise. He waited until Demmy had cleared the door. "Git a-runnin', Demmy!" he directed. "I'se wid you, boy. Down de alley an' turn to de left!"

The race finished ten feet further down the alley. At a barrier consisting of three policemen the Wildcat felt the light impact of a night stick against his bulging skull, and then, "Yassuh, Capt'n," he assented. "Us is comin' quiet."

From their sanctuary in the shadowed front end of a long and cavernous patrol wagon that waited at the end of the alley, "Keep dat goat quiet, Demmy," the Wildcat implored. "Us don't want nobody to begin no new battle in dis police hack. Here comes a flock of de brethren. Hot dam! Lookit dat big policeman handle dem boys! . . . Keep dat goat quiet so dey don't know who us is. Hide yo' face an' don't say nuthin'."

The patrol wagon started for the jail. In his troubled mind, "Looks like de main mistake us made wuz to trust dat doggone snake of a Honeytone when he begun singin' his million dollar lullaby," the Wildcat decided. "I starts in dis mornin' wid plenty of cash money, sittin' purty, eatin' noble, livin' high. Looks like Old Man Trouble gwine board me from now on. Doggone it! Lady Luck, where at is you?"

Marse Henry

(Continued from page 39)

He didn't though, really. With a couple of friends from Cincinnati and one from Charlotte he went down to his cabin on the Onslow River to shoot ducks. The first morning they were up at four-thirty. It was cold, the water choppy and the sky overcast. With the pigments of dawn came also the whirl of ducks on the wing. Close to the blind where Henry and his partner were secluded they circled and started to light, became wary and circled again, and then came on, about seven of them, straight in to stool.

Peeping through a crack the hunters watched and just as the ducks spread their wings to put on the brakes they stood up and let 'em have it. Henry caught two, and concluded that his strenuous year had not taken the edge off his marksmanship.

Henry and partner eased over and joined their two companions at another blind. They had had poor luck and were telling about it, when someone said, "Good Lord, get down, get down! Here come all the ducks in the world."

The statement seemed almost literally true. They came in and pitched in the water not two hundred yards from the blind. "Keep quiet. They are swimming this way." The men hardly breathed. On came the ducks until two hundred of them

were within sixty yards. The hunters could stand it no longer. Four automatics of five shots each were poked over the blind. At a whispered count of three triggers were pressed and held. It sounded like the Argonne. When the smoke cleared the hunters could hardly believe their eyes. They had not got a single duck. They had not so much as loosened a feather.

Henry decided it was time he was really back at the court house, giving his nerves a rest. He did so and since then has had better luck on the Onslow River.

Stevens is an odd combination of human dynamo and leisurely, whimsical Southerner. He loves the law, and in the spirited, droll, mature wit and learning that spice the daily life of a lawyer in county court houses he finds both stimulus and recreation.

He says he is back at the court house to spend the remainder of his days, as his wise old father before him spent the whole of his useful life. I know that he means it—but just the same in North Carolina court houses one hears a disconcerting note. I don't know whether the word has penetrated to a fine old home in Warsaw or not but they are talking of putting up the name of Henry L. Stevens, Jr., for United States Senator.

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Spinach 'n Everything

(Continued from page 35)

'America.' While the members stand in silence in the darkened hall to honor the memory of our departed comrades we hear the bugle call of 'Taps,' so rendered as to give the impression of distance. During the marching periods of the installation ceremonies Sousa's march 'Semper Fidelis' is played in full volume. The volume is diminished as the installing officers deliver their charges, but comes back in full volume as the speaking ends. As the colors are retired at the end of the ceremony we have a military band record, 'The Star Spangled Banner.'

"The method is simple and could be used by any post. We use an RCA Victor Portable Public Address System, which simplifies the process of fading in and out of recorded selections from phonograph records. Our hall happens to be large. In a small hall an ordinary phonograph would be effective. The records we use are Victor Record 21494, 'Bugle Calls of the U. S. Army,' 20635, 'America' and 'The Star Spangled Banner,' 22061, 'Semper Fidelis' and 'American Patrol,' 35937, 'Over There Medley.'

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Bull's-eyes for the Legion

WHEN twenty-seven selected American Legion marksmen assembled at Camp Perry, Ohio, on September 1st to register America's score in the 1933 Fidac match, they were dazzled by a figurative target which had been hung up a few weeks earlier in England. That target was the record-breaking score of 1057 which had been made by the team of the British Legion firing in the same international match. This is the story of what happened:

"On September 3d we took the firing points with determination to shoot our best for the Legion, but with faint hope that we could beat the score which the British team made," writes Frank J. Schneller of Neenah, Wisconsin, National Director of Marksmanship. "The day was ideal—gray skies with but little wind. The first relay brought back the creditable score of 194 average. At that average we could only hope for a total of 1940. When the second relay went out, Arthur E. Hart of Ohio shot the nice score of 197 out of 200 possible. Thurman Randle of Texas raised our hopes with the same score. Therkind Samsoe of New Jersey also returned with three fingers raised, only three down. Our average had risen to 195 1/4. There still was a chance to win. It was up to Ohio and Iowa to decide the fate of the 1933 Fidac match.

"An average of 197 each would still leave us one point short of the British score. It would take 198 apiece to win. Virgil Z.

Canfield of Dennison, Ohio, came through with 198. Then Webb Stump of Dennison, Iowa, placed five bulls in his first target. We sat strained and silent. The second target came through clean. We took deep breaths and held them. The third target—50! We were now on our toes; every eye and nerve tense. Webb alone was calm. One—two—three—four—five! All clean bull's-eyes! A perfect score—200! It was the first and only time it had ever been shot in a Fidac match. The Legion point was bedlam. Our total unofficial score was 1960, three points ahead of the British team."

The American Legion scored several other notable victories this year. The Legion team won the Caswell (Winged Trophy) Match at Camp Perry, setting a new course record of 2,377 out of 2,400 possible. The Ohio Department .30 caliber rifle team won the General Milton J. Foreman Trophy by shooting a total score of 576 out of 600 possible.

For the fourth successive year, the junior team of Youngstown (Ohio) Post won the National Mitten Junior American Legion Trophy, making a score of 944 out of 1,000 possible. The girls' team of Frank Luke, Jr., Post of Phoenix, Arizona, scored 939, only 55 points below the score of the winning team.

Director Schneller recommended to the Chicago convention that a special match for the Sons of The American Legion be conducted in 1934, and that pistol and revolver matches be restored to the Legion's program in anticipation of a 1934 pistol match to be conducted by Fidac.

For Aviation

IF ANYONE should seek to award special honors to Legion posts which have done most for the promotion of aviation he would place prominently on his list the name of George H. Imhof Post of Philadelphia.

"Forty thousand persons attended our third annual air show held at Rising Sun Airport," writes Post Historian A. E. Herrmann. "It certainly was the largest air show held in the East under Legion auspices."

Roll Call

ROBERT GINSBURGH, author of "This, Too, Is America," is a member of Black Diamond Post of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania. . . . Dan Sowers, who originated the Legion's junior baseball program while he was director of the National Americanism Commission, is a member of Greenville (Kentucky) Post. . . . Boyd B. Stutler, Assistant National Publicity Director, is a Past Adjutant of the Department of West Virginia. . . . Claude Bristol is a member of Portland (Oregon) Post. PHILIP VON BLON.



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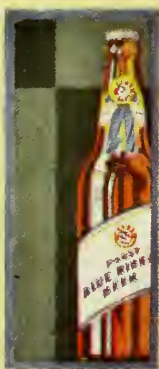
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